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WITHDRAWN

STORY TELLING

WHAT TO TELL AND HOW TO TELL IT

BY

EDNA LYMAN

NEW AND REVISED EDITION

CHICAGO
A. C. McCLURG & CO.
1923

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TO

THE THREE WHO INSISTED

PREFACE

THE lost art of the troubadour has been revived in the present day art of the story teller; but the story teller, unlike his early brotherhood, may not devote all his time to the recital of tales merely because they entertain. The spirit of education has seized him and bound him to service, and the delight which all people feel when they listen to a story has been made to serve a secondary purpose in kindergartens and elementary schools, in libraries and playgrounds.

The demand for stories has been carried by the children from the school and the library to the home, with the result that those who are not, like the poet, born to the art, have asked of any who would listen, "What shall we tell, and how shall we tell it?"

As will be gathered from the body of the book, there is no desire or attempt either to train or equip the person who expects to become a professional story teller, or to give

new ideas to those already familiar with this art. The book is intended for those who, untrained, must meet this demand for stories, and are at a loss where to find material or what to select, and who are limited by small library resources.

The literature on story telling at the time this volume was first published concerned itself almost entirely with the requirements of the kindergarten and earlier grades, and very little seemed available which was helpful for the child whose chief interest is in heroes and adventure. It is this child who was chiefly considered in the suggestions for stories to tell which were made in this volume.

New books have been added to this literature in the intervening years, and published lists of stories to tell cover a much wider range, but the continued demand for "Story Telling; What to Tell and How to Tell It" is gratefully acknowledged as bearing witness to the fact of its service in meeting the needs of the story teller, and bringing to the hero-loving boy and girl the national

epic tales now generally recognized as part of the child's rightful heritage.

These stories were told in small towns and large cities, in schools and libraries, settlements and churches, before small groups, social gatherings, and large audiences, during a period of years and the enthusiasm which always greeted them, whether as new acquaintances, or old friends, seems proof of the universal and permanent character of their appeal.

Many requests have been made both by letter and word of mouth for a paper given before the Children's Librarians Section of the American Library Association, a few years ago, and in answer to these requests the paper has been included as the closing chapter of the new edition, because the history of any child's book experiences casts light on every other child's needs and the possibilities of his unfoldment through association with books.

The "List of Books Suggested for the Story Teller" has been revised and enlarged, and a few books included because of the

helpfulness of their insight into and appreciation of the child's point of view.

My thanks are due the several publishing houses who have courteously granted permission to use the copyrighted material in chapters.

E. L. S.

THERMAL, CALIF., *April 30, 1923.*

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INTRODUCTION

THE fresh appreciation of childhood, which is one of the most outstanding features of our generation, has brought with it a revival of interest in the literary materials on which the childhood of the race has been nourished. At the very moment when the outpouring volume of modern writing on every theme, coming like a veritable Niagara from the press, was in danger of flooding out the classics and the earlier folk-lore of the world, suddenly the child appears, and with insistent persuasion leads us back to the morning-time of literature, where he and all who have the childlike spirit must ever love to go.

No movement of recent years is more significant in the field of education than the revival of interest in story telling as a fine art. That delightful occupation which was the pastime of motherhood, in days before the lives of children were hemmed in by such

a multitude of interests — many of them of questionable value — has now become a serious and impressive vocation, to be followed not only by mothers, but by teachers, librarians, and specialists who have brought the art to a high level of effectiveness.

And this enthusiastic labor of the interpreters of great stories takes us back in memory to the dawn of that glorious awakening of the world of which our modern age is the fortunate heir. For the forerunners of the Renaissance were the troubadours, minnesingers, bards, and minstrels, who aroused in the soul of a slumbering Europe the sense of nobler living in a time when Church and State were both asleep. Are not our story tellers, who are calling our age back to the poems and romances that nourished the strong and adventurous youth of the world, the true pioneers of a new revival of learning, in which not only the mind and emotions, but the social and civic conscience, the will and purpose of the race, are to share?

The telling of noble stories is one of the most effective methods of furnishing childhood with the literary materials which all

well-informed people must know, and for which later years afford so small a margin of time. The child wants the story. He wants the fairy tale, the world-legend, the adventures of the hero of mythology, or of his own national experience. He wants the story vividly told, with all its struggle, its carnage, its cruelty, and its bravery. More than this, he wants it always in the same form. Once its lilt and rhythm have caught his attention, he wants it repeated in just that form. To change its sentences, to modify its phrases, is to vitiate it in his regard. The value of this quality as an aid in the memorization of the best literature by the child is instantly apparent to those who are charged with his training.

But the ethical value of story telling is even more impressive. It is not through formal instruction that a child receives his impulses toward virtue, honor, and courtesy. It is rather from such appeal to the emotions as can be made most effectively through the telling of a story. The inculcation of a duty leaves him passionless and unmoved. The narrative of an experience in which that

same virtue finds concrete embodiment fires him with the desire to try the same conduct for himself. Few children fail to make the immediate connection between the hero or heroine of the story and themselves. An adventure told to a child is never an objective thing, but a personal experience as it goes forward. The frank generosity of Robin Hood, the hardy prowess of the Cid, the courageous endurance of Ulysses, the stainless character of King Arthur, are all translated by the child into personal qualities of his own life, to mar which would be disloyalty to his heroes.

It is one thing, however, to have some appreciation of these facts as aids in the training of children, and quite a different thing to know where to find suitable material for this purpose, and the method by which it may be organized for effective use. The literature which attempts to give suggestion regarding these two problems is rapidly increasing, as the vital character of the theme is perceived. But none of the works thus far provided deals with the matter in just the concise, direct, and suggestive manner

in which the author of this book treats it. She comes to her task with the training of a teacher, the experience of a librarian, the discipline of several years of most successful work in the new vocation of a trained story teller, and, above all, with the enthusiasm which only the lover of a great and inspiring work can bring to such an enterprise.

It is out of such ample store that she brings us these things new and old. With marked singleness of purpose she has chosen a very modest, yet very vital, section of the total field in which she is so skilful a worker. She has undertaken to provide in the most concise manner the very suggestions which the parent or teacher, untrained in the technique of the art of story telling, needs most to know. In so doing she has placed all lovers of the child under obligations to her. This book will bring to many seekers of the inner path to the child life the direction for which they have wished.

HERBERT L. WILLETT.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

STORY TELLING

WHAT TO TELL AND HOW TO TELL IT

CHAPTER I

RESPONSIBILITY OF SOCIETY FOR WHAT CHILDREN READ

THE most potent influences in the development of the life of the child are exerted through the home, through educational institutions, and through social environment.

For the first five years of the child's life the home has practically exclusive direction of his physical life, his moral training, his play, or his occupation. An educator of wide reputation recently stated that, if at the end of the sixth year the child has not acquired self-control and a fair ability to be an agreeable member of society, it is the fault of the home. A failure to arrive at such a happy state of affairs may be due to economic or social conditions back of the home, but normally this responsibility for the care and training of children lies with the parents.

At five the school steps in and for several hours each day assumes control of the discipline and occupation of the child, so that the home is no longer entirely responsible for its offspring, but divides the responsibility with this new agency. Neither school nor home alone can now be held accountable for what the child becomes, for each has its influence, felt not only during the hours of its specific environment, but quite as much during the period when the child has gone out from its immediate dictum. It is for this reason that any lack of the spirit of coöperation between parents and teachers is to be so greatly deplored. If the standards and ideals of home and school could be identical, no time would be lost in the work of their realization.

No sooner has the school entered into the life of the child as a factor in his development than we may logically say the third force of destiny begins its work. Contact with the elements which make the social environment of the child becomes an influence to be reckoned with as soon as he steps out of the home into the world.

The life of the street and the playground, the influence of employment or recreation, help to mould his character as definitely and often more unalterably than the precepts of the home or the teaching of the schools. It makes little difference that society does not recognize either its responsibility or its privilege in thus forming humanity; the charges which must be made for certain existent conditions materially modifying, sometimes altogether changing the outcome of the child's life, can be brought nowhere but to the door of society.

We recognize this fact when we pass laws dictating the limitations of employers of labor, and demanding the freedom from labor which is the child's right; in the same way society recognizes its power to provide proper conditions for the physical development of its children when, through its municipalities, it establishes public playgrounds and public baths. Specific instances of this character seem to awaken the public, so called, to the fact that with it lies not only the cause for evil conditions, but also the remedy and the power to make real the ideals it cherishes.

We can no longer work upon a basis which assumes that the home has to do with one part of a child's life, the school with another, and which disregards society altogether. Society is responsible for the child, and must therefore recognize the interdependence of its various constituents.

We have suggested that the constituents of society are all accountable for the physical environment and condition of the child — that they must see to it that men and women are produced physically equal to the work of the coming generation. If we do not give our children proper conditions for living, — pure air, pure water, and pure food, — they are not properly equipped to begin the real living which is before them. If we fail to recognize that play is an essential to their normal development, and that, as we cut off the opportunity for it, we dwarf the capabilities of mature life, we have ourselves to blame for the type of manhood we supply to the world.

The problem of the proper discipline of the child rests with the home while it cares for him exclusively, but the school takes

charge of him for a large per cent of his time during many years of his life, and the school must accept its share of the burden.

Once more, society at large is answerable for the manner in which the child learns to know his relationship to municipality, State, and country as they directly or indirectly touch his life, and is also to be held accountable for its methods of discipline where rights and laws have been disregarded. Each and all, as members of society, are our brothers' keepers; and lawlessness, immorality, and crime may fairly turn to respectable, moral, and law-abiding citizenship to inquire why they exist.

In moments of sanity, we all admit that education has as its fundamental purpose to teach men to live, rather than to help them merely to acquire knowledge. Experience is the really valuable thing in life, and since it is necessary to begin living with a very small basis of experience, we gain much if we accept that of others, for at least an experimental basis.

It is the wonderful power which books have

of presenting experience, picturing life in its manifold relations and infinite variety, that gives their supreme value as a supplement to, I might almost say a substitute for, formal education.

The word *books* is used in the sense of literature, and not merely printed pages, and the time has come when it is necessary to distinguish in the minds of some between the two. As a people we have not outgrown the attitude of reverence which mere print inspires in the minds of the recently educated. We have made a fetish of printing; we have pride in our education, but we have not arrived where culture takes education for granted and discriminates between the ephemeral output of the press and the book of permanent value.

The home has recognized the value of reading as a part of the education of the child, and has placed him under the jurisdiction of the school that he may acquire the mechanical ability to read. The question naturally arises, What shall he read when he has acquired the ability? — and neither home nor school can settle the question finally, because once more

the attitude of society enters into the answer to the question.

Society has accepted the public library as a solution of the matter and says, "Here is an agency which shall represent us, properly equipped to meet the problem of reading for children, not only by supplying the books, but also by making suggestions concerning such books, and influencing so far as possible the reading taste of the community."

This solution at first seems all that could be desired until we analyze the real conditions, and then we realize that it is impossible for the library alone fully to represent society in these respects, since at the same time society is equally responsible for the many other agencies for supplying books to the public. Under present conditions, the libraries are unable to master the situation, for they are limited as to funds not only for providing a proper number of books, but also for maintaining a staff of skilled workers with ability to select and recommend the books.

As long as children eager to read are greeted by empty shelves or meagre numbers of books in the libraries, society is defeat-

ing its own claims, and strengthening the defeat by offering through regular book houses, and other commercial sources, not only mediocre books, but books of a positively pernicious character. Society allows those who control the corner cigar store, the general supply store, the news stand, the commercial circulating library, and those seeking to make money by appealing to the lower instincts of boys and girls to supply reading matter for its children; meanwhile congratulating itself that the establishment of public libraries equipped to reach only a small per cent of the public cancels its obligations. Society is, after all, composed of individuals, and it is the attitude and indifference of individuals which create a condition so to be deplored.

The home and the school are elements of organized society, and as such must bear their part of the humiliation for the present state of affairs; and parents and teachers are as much to be blamed for failing to provide inspiring, uplifting, and ennobling books, as for failing to supply pure milk for babies or proper open-air spaces in which children may play.

The children of the State are our children, without regard to the fact of parenthood. They are the greatest asset of any commonwealth, and as such are to be reared in such a physical, mental, and moral environment that they shall come to manhood and womanhood, strong and pure in body, in mind, and in soul.

The ideals which children gain from books are their constant associates and mould their characters even more than human companions. They live with them not only while they read, but while they are otherwise engaged; and suggestions so subtle as to pass almost unnoticed linger in the mind, to influence emotions and express themselves in actions.

Books are the backgrounds of their waking dreams, and as surely as children read, just as surely do they imitate the heroes whom they find in their books. Judgment they do not possess, life they do not know, experience is all before them, one book is as desirable as another, provided only it has the power to hold. If we tolerate books where moral cowardice takes the guise of physical courage,

trickery and dishonesty seem like cleverness, books in which opposition to law and order is made to look like heroism, and the great facts of life and love something to be concealed and misused instead of cherished and honored, how are we to expect the readers of these books to acquire high standards of honesty, moral courage, and true manliness?

If we tolerate even the commonplace type of books, lacking in strength and virility, poor in presentation, uncertain in moral tone, and insipid in character, we can expect nothing strong or fine as a result of its influence. We are loath to admit this. It is far easier to argue against the really evil book than against the kind commonly termed "harmless." But if surroundings either of a material character or of ideas really have any influence upon the human mind, then we may fairly agree that mediocrity will breed mediocrity with as great certainty as evil will produce evil.

Every year public schools are turning out thousands of children able to read. They may not be attracted to books in general, but read they will, sometime or somewhere,

and when that time comes it is society that is responsible for what those children read.

The homes are not equipped to solve the matter. The school stands as a strong factor in influencing the character of what the child reads, but it is so occupied with the accomplishment of tasks that these come to be the significant thing. Many teachers are familiar only with the literature which relates to the grade they teach, and do not see how vital it is to make each grade a link in the great chain of what has gone before and what is to follow.

While parents remain unconcerned as to the relative importance of carefully selected clothes and thoughtfully selected books, while schools lay emphasis on the side of education which will bring the most rapid return in dollars and cents, it would seem that the library, that agency of society most alert to the necessity of cultivating a love of literature in children, must make a greater effort to solve the problem of reaching larger numbers and effectively introducing them to the world's great books.

The call of the child's need has been heard

by a very few; by them it must be answered, while they in their turn cry aloud to the great body of society of which they are but a part, "Our children cry for bread; will you give them a stone?"

CHAPTER II

READING ALOUD TO CHILDREN

Influence of reading aloud; the "reading story hour" in the public library; suggestions for books and selections to read.

IN the good old days, to which occasionally we must hark back, in spite of the fact that the home was the field of more varied occupations than at present, and that it was impossible to command much assistance from outside, there must have been a leisure of mind which is almost unknown to us now. Whether it is the greater ease with which we are conveyed from one spot on the earth to a far distant one, and the rate of speed which is ours to command, that has affected our mental attitude so that we feel the necessity of equal rapidity in all we do, certain it is that things which once had a place in our lives are now crowded out on the plea that there is no time for them. It is to be greatly regretted that among the things which have

been pushed aside and almost entirely neglected is the gentle art of reading aloud.

Not long ago, a man who knows success gave me a glimpse into the not far distant past, when his father and mother were pioneers in our Middle West. Among the experiences of his boyhood which he recounted was that of reading aloud, when his mother chose some volume from the small hoard of books which she had brought from old Virginia, and together mother and son read and talked beside the fire in the old log cabin. There was no duty which her hands were not called upon to do, yet she found time to read aloud to her boy that so he might come to know the authors whom she prized. One could not but feel that something of the son's success was due to a mother who so truly recognized comparative values.

When speaking to a friend of the marvellous use of words which has made her son a lecturer of unusual eloquence, she replied without hesitation, "Yes, the poets that we read aloud together taught him words." In still another home it was not freedom from care and anxiety or the leisure that money

can command which made the story-hour one of the things which linger in the memory. There was no time for books that were trivial, but those which live from one generation to another found place for themselves, and ears eager to hear. Together, father and mother and children went slowly over the pages, which were not only a joy while the voice sounded the words, but have ever since had a glamour which no other literature can possibly possess.

To the most of us, children as well as grown-ups, the joy that is shared is twice joy, and nowhere is this more true than in the book which is read with some one of like taste.

If those who are seeking to influence the reading tastes of children could only realize how potent a means lies in this simple method, they would hasten to revive this long neglected art.

The search is for something new, and for that very reason there is a failure to recognize the efficiency of what is already possessed. Yet the child's eagerness to listen to anything we are willing to read ought to be a constant

reminder that here is our opportunity to make him familiar with the books which he himself would never open.

Much of the great literature of the world has failed to reach children because they have never come in contact with it, or if they have seen these books they have been titles merely. Every day of their lives a personal appeal comes from someone to read this or that book, thrilling in title, and set forth in graphic verbal picture by the recent reader's enthusiasm. When such books are made so alluring, why venture in untrodden paths?

Children are at heart conservatives; they prefer to do as generations before them have done. There must be a leader, then there will be numberless followers. Who of us has not witnessed the agony which the child feels who is forced to wear clothes unlike those of his mates? What the "crowd" wears and does and reads is what each desires to wear and do and read in his turn.

If we can accept this condition as the basis of our efforts; if we can either catch the most venturesome spirit long enough to gain his interest, or win the crowd, as a crowd, and

bring them to a knowledge of the real life which lies behind the titles of unfamiliar books, we shall in the end accomplish our purpose.

As we have suggested, the first appeal which reading aloud makes to children is doubtless the delight they feel in sharing a common interest. The feeling, though unanalyzed, is gratification and pleasure that the book appeals sufficiently to the older person, so that it is worth while to read word for word.

The appreciation of the reader adds to the grasp of the listener, unhampered by the mechanical difficulties of reading which usually beset him, and often the opportunity for a laugh together makes a bond of sympathy which no other contact could afford.

> "Then read from the treasured volume
> The poem of thy choice,
> And lend to the rhyme of the poet
> The beauty of thy voice."

It is hardly necessary to say specifically that when the child has made the acquaintance of books of real merit and literary value they will unconsciously become the

standard by which he measures the books of his future choice. Personally, I have great faith in the unspoiled instincts of children, and I think, when once they have felt the beat of a great story of adventure or the charm of one of the genuine folk stories, they turn from the imitation, feeling its unreality for themselves. They instinctively feel what the boy tried to express when he turned away from ineffective rendering in prose of the Robin Hood ballads, and said, "No, I want the book about the real Robin Hood."

The influence of beautiful English is also worthy of consideration. Modern books are put together with little regard for style or use of words, and careless writing is followed by careless reading, so that there is little gain to the child from the time he has spent with many books. It is generally admitted that the child acquires his vocabulary much more rapidly by hearing the words than by seeing them. Here, then, is an added value which results from the practice of reading aloud to children. They become familiar with the use of the best English, with new

words and combinations to which they are unaccustomed.

The poverty of English found in the average home, the constant use of slang expressions on the street and the playground, the influence of the tide of immigration with its foreign tongues should make us realize that if we have any regard for one of the most beautiful and expressive languages in the world, we must take some positive stand to prevent its deterioration.

It has been well said, "What you make a child love and desire is more important than what you make him learn." It is as he loves noble English that he will use it; it is as he cherishes the books read to him that he will desire others of a similar character; it is as the reader's enthusiasm puts life and forcefulness, or cleverness and daring into the pages read, that they will captivate his emotions and stimulate him to imitation.

No argument is half so convincing as a little experience. On every side one hears confirming testimony which points to the splendid influence of reading aloud to children. No one questions the value of time so

used. What then shall we say of the spirit of the modern home which finds no time to gratify or cultivate this taste? Something surely is wrong when clubs, or recreation, or philanthropy, or social intercourse, or business, or even household duties, are allowed to usurp the portion of time which should go to the training of the mental life of the child. There is a duty in this respect which parents owe their children that they cannot delegate to any one else. There are values to the child of a positive nature which come from associating this delightful practice with his home and his family circle, and for the loss of this there can be no possible compensation. This is a duty, and should be a pleasure, which fathers might well assume, since there is so small a realm where they can cultivate the spirit of companionship with their children. There has been much amusement over the old story of the child who referred to his father as "the man who stays here Sundays"; yet there is ground for considering whether the fathers of this country should not have some other relation to their children than that of the source of financial support.

The school has already established to a certain extent the habit of reading aloud, sometimes as a reward for the accomplishment of tasks, and sometimes with the deliberate intention of giving the children a wider view of some subject or introducing them to outside reading.

The busy teacher who is wise enough to recognize the return she gets for this from the children in the spirit of companionship, enlarged interests, added force to think, and increased vocabulary is greatly to be congratulated. There is an unwise tendency among certain teachers to read to the children books not only of ephemeral character but those absolutely lacking in merit, when the child is entitled to the best. The eagerness of children to hear what one is willing to read is itself an opportunity for introducing something which requires thought instead of merely affording entertainment. It is worth while to ask this eager mind to reach up out of the trend of his ordinary thoughts, and to give him something to "ponder in his heart."

There should be a portion of the selections

which are made to be read aloud that remain free from any connection with a task. There is material enough for reproduction without using this; and half of the gain to the child, all of his real love for what he is hearing, will be lost in his sense of impending doom.

As far as libraries are concerned, it seems strange that with all their eagerness to bring the book and the child into successful contact they have so often disregarded this simplest of methods. They have been over-anxious, it would seem, to incorporate story telling as a regular feature of their work with children, and have failed to realize that a "story-hour" utilized for good reading has far better results than twice that time devoted to inferior story telling.

Many people either on a library staff or outside are very acceptable readers, and have a wide knowledge of books, which might be put at the service of the library if only they were asked to do what they can do instead of required to do that for which they have no training.

It would seem wise in a library story-hour not to attempt to read an entire book as we

would naturally do at home or in school, but to take up such portions of it as will arouse the curiosity of the child, or get him well started on a long and difficult opening.

The greatest cause of the failures which are experienced in these special phases of library work are due to hasty preparation or to the lack of any preparation at all. One may occasionally reap the reward of inspiration, when out of the enthusiasm of a conversation or the appeal of a situation, at the psychological moment a group of boys and girls is gathered together and their attention is arrested by exactly the right story; but ordinarily the carefully prepared plan carries much better.

It is not necessary to thrust the machinery of the drama into view, but the actor who relies on principle rather than on inspiration is less likely to be overwhelmed when the inspiration is not there.

It may not be amiss to suggest how large an element the beauty of the voice is in the delight which people feel when listening to reading. Children are quite as sensitive as grown people to quality of tone and pitch, to

distinct enunciation, and to artistic expression. Judging from the examples of style which one hears, not only in the schoolroom but in the club and elsewhere, it would seem that foreigners are entirely justified in the criticism of what they term the "American voice." The disregard for punctuation and the habitual argumentative and dictatorial style of reading are extremely monotonous and inexpressive. Down go the voices like so many hammers, at every comma, semicolon, colon, or period. It would be impossible in most cases in this country to punctuate correctly from dictation as is the custom everywhere in France. A little thought as to the relation of punctuation and expression, and an effort to visualize the pictures as we read, will do much toward giving color and expression to our performance.

A knowledge of the community, and of the books which have been most read, is an indispensable background for effective work. One must know what he can take as his "point of contact" before he can successfully approach a group of children or young people.

It may be helpful to become familiar with the lists of books used by other libraries for reading aloud, but they ought always to be treated as suggestions, the success of which may be due somewhat to the modified conditions and environment in each particular case.

Two suggestive lists are the monthly Bulletin of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, Vol. 12, No. 1, Jan. 1907, Reading Circles for Boys and Girls; and Hassler & Scott Graded List of Stories for Reading Aloud, Public Library Commission of Indiana, 1908, for including both whole books and selections, which will prove stimulating and helpful, particularly in the beginning of the effort to introduce children to books in this way. As growth comes through experience, there will be less need for following outlines and more ability to see independently what is worth using.

Librarians will find that the teachers will greatly appreciate familiarity with school courses of study and supplementary reading as well as the books which they desire to read to the children, so that the school work shall

not suffer from repetition and a consequent lack of freshness.

Not only must the story itself be considered, in making selections for reading aloud, but the form and beauty of the English as well, though there are occasions when a restless group of children who are unused to listening must be held merely by the interest of the plot.

Such books and stories as the following seem to represent worthy examples of the things desirable for reading aloud: Van Dyke's "Other Wise Man," Parkman's "Oregon Trail," "Uncle Remus's Stories," Hawthorne's "Great Stone Face," "Wonder Book," and "Tanglewood Tales," Hale's "Man Without a Country" and "In His Name," Kingsley's "Greek Heroes," Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare," Irving's "Rip Van Winkle" and "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," portions of "Gulliver's Travels" and "Pilgrim's Progress," Stein's "Gabriel and the Hour Book," Dickens's "Christmas Carol," "Cricket on the Hearth," and enough of many of the other novels to serve as a good introduction, perhaps begin-

ning with "Oliver Twist"; Ruskin's "King of the Golden River," Poe's "Fall of the House of Usher," "Gold Bug," and "Purloined Letter," Scott's "Ivanhoe," "Quentin Durward," and "Guy Mannering," Mark Twain's "Prince and the Pauper," and Lanier's editions of "Froissart" and "Malory," Morris's "Sundering Flood," "Famous Adventures and Escapes of the Civil War," Hughes's "Tom Brown's School Days," Baldwin's "Golden Age," which is an excellent introduction to the Odyssey, F. Hopkinson Smith's "Captain Joe," La Motte-Fouqué's "Undine," and Kipling's "Drums of the Fore and Aft."

These are only a few of the things which will supply material for the "reading story-hour," and to these selections of prose works it is important to add a great deal of poetry. Often it is quite possible to find poems which relate themselves to the subject of the story and which can be utilized in connection with it.

But aside from this incidental use of poetry, the "reading story-hour" is certainly the place where the children may learn to

love the beauty of verse. A few exceptional children will respond quickly to the rhythm and pulse of poetry, but with most children who have passed beyond the years of the greatest appeal of imaginative literature, the response will be to the narrative element, and it will be necessary to select poetry in which the story element is dominant.

Nothing supplies this element more perfectly than the old ballads filled as they are with combat, adventure, and romance, with virtues which are elemental, perhaps, but nevertheless are not to be despised. Courage, justice, a love of nature, fairness, patriotic devotion, these are all part and parcel of ballad literature, and if rightly brought to the attention of children, will be as popular as they were among the people who first sung them. There is so much humor in the ballads of "Robin Hood," so much spirit and thrill to Morris's "Sigurd the Volsung," so much breadth to Joaquin Miller's "Columbus," such daring and courage in Macaulay's "Lays," and Longfellow's ballads, so much adventure and romance in Scott's "Lady of the Lake" and "Lay of

the Last Minstrel," that if there is any music in the reader, any feeling for what he is reading, any response to the spirit of the great out-of-doors, it will inevitably be reflected in those who listen to him.

CHAPTER III

STORY TELLING

Revival of the art; necessity for training; great short stories; Tolstoy's "Where Love Is, There God Is Also" a type; difference between text for reading and one for telling; selection of stories to tell from the "Jungle Books."

WITH the suddenness of a storm on a small lake an interest in story telling has recently been revived, and with our usual American enthusiasm, many have undertaken to tell stories with very little consideration for what the art is. To some it has appealed as a pleasing occupation, to others as a new and better method of teaching English, by still others it has been confused with the art of acting or that of impersonation, but seemingly to few has it been revealed as an art in itself, with the great underlying purpose of all art, to give joy to the world.

Only as story telling is given its real place in the world of art can it attain its full significance. The art of the actor is a

means of our understanding a masterpiece, like Shakespeare, better as literature, but it has a value of its own beyond its interpretation of the text of the drama. So story telling is an art of itself, regardless of the material which it presents or the effect produced by that material. It must give delight and joy in itself or it is without justification, no matter what secondary objects seem to be accomplished.

All that has been said of the value of reading aloud to children as a means of cultivating literary taste and appreciation, establishing standards of language and expression, and giving opportunity for associating with great thoughts and ideals as they are crystallized in books, is, if anything, more true of the results of story telling, because of the deeper impression created by the magnetic quality of story telling and the dramatic power of the story teller.

This power of the story teller lies in his opportunity to let his message come from his eyes as well as his lips, a thing which is possible since he has neither book nor memory of printed page to burden him.

The gift of telling stories is an endowment of nature, like a beautiful voice or a talent for painting; so the real story teller can never be made, either by hearing a course of lectures on the subject, or by reading a book devoted to technique; but cultivation is as necessary for perfection with the story teller as with the singer or the painter. There are those who hold that training of talent is a dangerous thing, and feel that what is gained in technique from training is lost in spontaneity and the expression of the individual. The error of this theory lies in the fact that the theorists have failed to recognize the real outcome of training.

Training leads out of unconscious self-expression into a certain self-consciousness, it is true, but true art comes only when the training has gone a step farther and made it possible to lose self-consciousness again in the greatness of art. Until this is accomplished there is still need of training.

A book on the art of story telling is related to the art in much the same way that a grammar is to the writing of poetry, a treatise on sculpture to a statue of Michael

Angelo, or a volume on how to play the piano to a performance of a great pianist. Before it can take a place as an element of training, there must be the spirit and artistry of the thing itself to illuminate any treatise, however good. Training involves the study of the technique of the use of the voice and of gesture, sources for stories, selection and preparation of material, practice in actual presentation of stories, and not least important, hearing stories told by artists, the character of whose work may unconsciously become the ideal for the story teller.

In this day of willingness to attempt anything, no matter how slight the equipment, it may be well to consider the time which the actor in France takes for preparation. Seven years of study and preparatory work, we are told, he feels none too much to devote to the perfecting of his art before he shall appear upon the stage as a full-fledged professional. It is no wonder that such reverence for dramatic art and such standards of training have produced the marvellous actors of France. A similar regard for the art of story telling would do away with the

idea that anyone can become a story teller and would induce serious thought as to the necessity of training and proper preparation before entering the field of the professional story teller.

Outside of this field, however, there are those who have been invited by necessity or expediency or inclination into the paths of story telling, as an adjunct to their other work.

The purpose of this book is not in any way to attempt to give information to those who have devoted both time and study to the subject, or who have had practical experience in story telling, but rather to make a few suggestions to those mothers, teachers, and librarians who are interested in its use as a phase of another occupation.

My observation leads me to believe that average mothers, librarians, and teachers are not likely to have much time at their disposal in which to search for good material to use. They feel the necessity for using stories which can be easily obtained and which will require the least possible preparation in the matter of adaptation. The larger the list of

"sources for the story teller" and "books for the use of the children," the more confusing it seems, and they are not familiar enough with versions to feel that they can choose from that standpoint, however scholarly.

It is the desire to meet such a need that leads to the suggestions herein included, made from a personal experience, with the realization that they are quite unnecessary for the student of literature, or the professional.

Nothing is more helpful to a novice in story telling, for obtaining familiarity with the principles of construction and the essential qualities of a narration, than the study of a few of the world's great short stories, such as Daudet's "Death of the Dauphin," Hawthorne's "Great Stone Face," Kipling's "Man Who Would Be King," Dickens's "Child's Dream of a Star," Stevenson's "Markheim," Maupassant's "Necklace" and his "Coward," Balzac's "Passion in the Desert," Irving's "Rip Van Winkle," and Poe's "Gold Bug" or his "Black Cat."

As an aid in the appreciation of the short story the following books will be of assist-

ance: Brander Matthews's "Philosophy of the Short Story," Charles S. Baldwin's "American Short Stories," and Bliss Perry's "Study of Prose Fiction."

These stories are great because they are universal in character, and in the majority of cases are marked by that simplicity which should be a vital part of the rehearsal of any story whether written or verbal.

Tolstoy's "Where Love Is, There God Is Also" is a typical story for analysis. It may prove somewhat long to tell in combination with other stories, but as a story to use by itself it needs little modification of the written form.

The introductory paragraphs, stating the conditions of Martin's life, may be shortened into a few sentences which will still picture the lonely old man and the visit from his friend. In a similar way the part which tells of his experience in reading the Bible may be shortened, care being taken, however, not to omit the fact of the influence of the story of the anointing of Jesus' feet, for on that the rest of the story hangs. The portions bracketed in the text given below in-

dicate the parts omitted or condensed in the story as I have told it.

WHERE LOVE IS, THERE GOD IS ALSO[1]

By Count Lyof N. Tolstoy

In a certain city dwelt Martin Avdyeeich, the cobbler. He lived in a cellar, a wretched little hole with a single window. The window looked up towards the street, and through it Martin could just see the passers-by. It is true that he could see little more than their boots, but [Martin Avdyeeich could read a man's character by his boots, so he needed no more. Martin Avdyeeich had lived long in that one place, and had many acquaintances.] Few indeed were the boots in that neighborhood which had not passed through his hands at some time or other. [On some he would fasten new soles, to others he would give side-pieces, others again he would stitch all round, and even give them new uppers if need be. And often he saw his own handiwork through the window. There was always lots of work for him, for Avdyeeich's hand was cunning and his leather good; nor did he overcharge, and he always kept his word. He always engaged to do a job by a fixed time if he could; but if he could not, he said so at once, and deceived no man. So every one knew Avdyeeich, and he had no lack of work. Avdyeeich had always been a pretty good man, but as he grew old he began to think more about his soul, and draw nearer to his God.] While

[1] Reprinted, by permission, from *The Outlook*, New York.

Martin was still a journeyman his wife had died; but his wife had left him a little boy — three years old. Their other children had not lived. [All the eldest had died early. Martin wished at first to send his little child into the country to his sister, but afterwards he thought better of it. "My Kapitoshka," thought he, "will feel miserable in a strange household. He shall stay here with me." And so Avdyeeich left his master, and took to living in lodgings alone with his little son. But God did not give Avdyeeich happiness in his children.] No sooner had the little one begun to grow up and be a help and a joy to his father's heart, than a sickness fell upon Kapitoshka, the little one took to his bed, lay there in a raging fever for a week, and then died. Martin buried his son in despair — so desperate was he that he began to murmur against God. [Such disgust of life overcame him that he more than once begged God that he might die; and he reproached God for taking not him, an old man, but his darling, his only son, instead. And after that Avdyeeich left off going to church.]

And, lo! one day there came to Avdyeeich [from the Troitsa Monastery] an aged peasant-pilgrim — [it was already the eighth year of his pilgrimage.] Avdyeeich fell a-talking with him, and began to complain of his great sorrow. "As for living any longer, thou man of God," said he, "I desire it not. Would only that I might die! [That is my sole prayer to God. I am now a man who has no hope."]

And the old man said to him: "Thy speech, Martin, is not good. How shall we judge the doings of God? [God's judgments are not our thoughts. God willed that thy son shouldst die, but that thou shouldst live.

Therefore 't was the best thing both for him and for thee.] It is because thou wouldst fain have lived for thy own delight that thou dost now despair."

"But what then *is* a man to live for?" asked Avdyeeich.

And the old man answered: "For God, Martin! He gave thee life, and for Him therefore must thou live. When thou dost begin to live for Him, thou wilt grieve about nothing more, and all things will come easy to thee."

Martin was silent for a moment, and then he said: "And how must one live for God?"

"[Christ hath shown us the way. Thou knowest thy letters.] Buy the Gospels and read; there thou wilt find out how to live for God. There everything is explained."

These words made the heart of Avdyeeich burn within him, and he went the same day and bought for himself a New Testament printed in very large type, and began to read.

Avdyeeich set out with the determination to read it only on holidays; but as he read, it did his heart so much good that he took to reading it every day. [And the second time he read until all the kerosene in the lamp had burnt itself out, and for all that he could not tear himself away from the book. And so it was every evening.] And the more he read, the more clearly he understood what God wanted of him, and how it behooved him to live for God; and his heart grew lighter and lighter continually. [Formerly, whenever he lay down to sleep he would only sigh and groan, and think of nothing but Kapitoshka, but now he would only say to himself: "Glory to Thee! Glory to Thee, O Lord! Thy will be done!"]

Henceforth the whole life of Avdyeeich was changed. Formerly, whenever he had a holiday, he would go to the tavern to drink tea, nor would he say no to a drop of brandy now and again. [He would tipple with his comrades, and though not actually drunk, would, for all that, leave the inn a bit merry, babbling nonsense and talking loudly and censoriously.] He had done with all that now. His life became quiet and joyful. With the morning light he sat down to his work, worked out his time, then took down his lamp from the hook, placed it on the table, took down his book from the shelf, bent over it, and sat him down to read. And the more he read the more he understood, and his heart grew brighter and happier.

It happened once that Martin was up reading till very late. He was reading St. Luke's Gospel. [He was reading the sixth chapter, and as he read he came to the words: "And to him that smiteth thee on the one cheek, offer also the other." This passage he read several times, and presently he came to that place where the Lord says: "And why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say? Whosoever cometh to Me, and heareth My sayings, and doeth them, I will show you to whom he is like. He is like a man which built an house, and dug deep, and laid the foundations on a rock. And when the flood arose, the storm beat vehemently upon that house, and could not shake it, for it was founded upon a rock. But he that heareth, and doeth not, is like a man that without a foundation built an house upon the earth, against which the stream did beat vehemently, and immediately it fell, and the ruin of that house was great."

Avdyeeich read these words through and through, and his heart was glad. He took off his glasses, laid them on the book, rested his elbow on the table, and fell a-thinking. And he began to measure his own life by these words. And he thought to himself, "Is my house built on the rock or on the sand? How good to be as on a rock! How easy it all seems to thee sitting alone here! It seems as if thou wert doing God's will to the full, and so thou takest no heed and fallest away again. And yet thou wouldst go on striving, for so it is good for thee. O Lord, help me!" Thus thought he, and would have laid him down, but it was a grief to tear himself away from the book. And so he began reading the seventh chapter. He read all about the Centurion, he read all about the Widow's Son, he read all about the answer to the disciples of St. John; and so he came to that place where the rich Pharisee invites our Lord to be his guest.] And he read all about how the woman who was a sinner anointed His feet and washed them with her tears, and how He justified her. [And so he came at last to the forty-fourth verse, and there he read these words, "And He turned to the woman and said to Simon, Seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house, thou gavest Me no water for My feet; but she has washed My feet with tears and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest Me no kiss, but this woman, since the time I came in, hath not ceased to kiss My feet. Mine head with oil thou didst not anoint."] And again Avdyeeich took off his glasses, and laid them on the book, and fell a-thinking.

"So it is quite plain that I too have something of the Pharisee about me. Am I not always think-

ing of myself? Am I not always thinking of drinking tea, and keeping myself as warm and cozy as possible, without thinking at all about the guest? Simon thought about himself, but did not give the slightest thought to his guest. But who was his guest? The Lord Himself. And suppose he were to come to me, should I treat Him as the Pharisee did?"

And Avdyeeich leaned both his elbows on the table and, without perceiving it, fell a-dozing.

"Martin!"—it was as though the voice of some one close to his ear.

Martin started up from his nap. "Who's there?"

He turned round, he gazed at the door, but there was no one. Again he dozed off. Suddenly he heard quite plainly, "Martin, Martin, I say! Look tomorrow into the street. I am coming."

Martin awoke, rose from his chair, and began to rub his eyes. And he did not know himself whether he had heard these words asleep or awake. He turned down the lamp and laid him down to rest.

At dawn next day Avdyeeich arose, prayed to God, [lit his stove, got ready his gruel and cabbage soup, filled his samovar, put on his apron,] and sat him down by his window to work. There Avdyeeich sits and works, and thinks of nothing but the things of yesternight. His thoughts were divided. [He thought at one time that he must have gone off dozing, and then again he thought he really must have heard that voice. It might have been so, thought he.]

Martin sits at the window and looks as much at his window as at his work, and whenever a strange pair of boots passes by he bends forward and looks

out of the window, so as to see the face as well as the feet of the passers-by. [The house porter passed by in new felt boots, the water-carrier passed by, and after that] there passed close to the window an old soldier, one of Nicholas's veterans, in tattered old boots, with a shovel in his hands. [Avdyeeich knew him by his boots.] The old fellow was called Stepanuich, and lived with the neighboring shopkeeper, who harbored him of his charity. [His duty was to help the porter.] Stepanuich stopped before Avdyeeich's window to sweep away the snow. [Avdyeeich cast a glance at him, and then went on working as before.]

"I 'm not growing sager as I grow older," thought Avdyeeich, with some self-contempt. "I make up my mind that Christ is coming to me, and, lo! 'tis only Stepanuich clearing away the snow. [Thou simpleton, thou! thou art wool-gathering!" Then Avdyeeich made ten more stitches, and then he stretched his head once more towards the window. He looked through the window again, and there he saw that Stepanuich had placed the shovel against the wall, and was warming himself and taking breath a bit.]

"The old man is very much broken," thought Avdyeeich to himself. "It is quite plain that he has scarcely strength enough to scrape away the snow. Suppose I make him drink a little tea! the samovar, too, is just on the boil." Avdyeeich put down his awl, got up, placed the samovar on the table, put some tea in it, and tapped on the window with his fingers. [Stepanuich turned round and came to the window.] Avdyeeich beckoned to him, and then went and opened the door.

"Come in and warm yourself a bit," cried he. "You're a bit chilled, eh?"

"Christ requite you! Yes, and all my bones ache too," said Stepanuich. Stepanuich came in, shook off the snow, [and began to wipe his feet so as not to soil the floor, but he tottered sadly.

"Don't trouble about wiping your feet. I'll rub it off myself. It's all in the day's work.] Come in and sit down," said Avdyeeich. "Here, take a cup of tea."

And Avdyeeich filled two cups, and gave one to his guest, [and he poured his own tea out into the saucer and began to blow it.

Stepanuich drank his cup, turned it upside down, put a gnawed crust on the top of it, and said, "Thank you." But it was quite plain that he wanted to be asked to have some more.

"Have a drop more. Do!" said Avdyeeich, and poured out fresh cups for his guest and himself,] and as Avdyeeich drank his cup, he could not help glancing at the window from time to time.

"Dost thou expect any one?" asked his guest.

"Do I expect any one? Well, honestly, I hardly know. I am expecting and I am not expecting, and there's a word which has burnt itself right into my heart. Whether it was a vision or no, I know not. Look now, my brother! I was reading yesterday about our little Father[1] Christ, how He suffered, how He came on earth. [Hast thou heard of Him, eh?"

"I have heard, I have heard," replied Stepanuich, "but we poor ignorant ones know not our letters."]

[1] *Rus.* Batushka. No translation can adequately express the meaning of this caressing diminutive. The German *Papachen* is the nearest approach to it. All the Slavonic languages have its equivalent.

"Anyhow, I was reading about this very thing — how He came down upon earth. I was reading how He went to the Pharisee, and how the Pharisee did not receive Him at all. [Thus I thought, and so, about yesternight, little brother mine, I read that very thing, and bethought me how the Honorable did not receive our little Father Christ honorably.] But suppose, I thought, if He came to one like me — would I receive Him? Simon at any rate did not receive Him at all. Thus I thought, and so thinking, fell asleep. I fell asleep, I say, little brother mine, and I heard my name called. I started up. A voice was whispering at my very ear. 'Look out to-morrow!' it said, 'I am coming.' And so it befell twice. Now look! wouldst thou believe it? the idea stuck to me — I scold myself for my folly, and yet I look for Him, our little Father Christ!"

Stepanuich shook his head and said nothing, but he drank his cup dry and put it aside. [Then Avdyeeich took up the cup and filled it again.

"Drink some more. 'Twill do thee good. Now it seems to me that when our little Father went about on earth, He despised no one, but sought unto the simple folk most of all. He was always among the simple folk. Those disciples of His too, he chose most of them from amongst our brother-laborers, sinners like unto us. He that exalteth himself, He says, shall be abased, and he that abaseth himself shall be exalted. Ye, says He, call me Lord, and I, says He, wash your feet. He who would be the first among you, He says, let him become the servant of all. And therefore it is that He says, Blessed are the lowly, the peacemakers, the humble, and the long-suffering."

Stepanuich forgot his tea. He was an old man, soft-hearted, and tearful. He sat and listened, and the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Come, drink a little more," said Avdyeeich. But Stepanuich crossed himself, expressed his thanks, pushed away his cup, and got up.]

"I thank thee, Martin Avdyeeich," said he. "I have fared well at thy hands, and thou hast refreshed me both in body and soul."

"Thou wilt show me a kindness by coming again. I am so glad to have a guest," said Avdyeeich. Stepanuich departed, and Martin [poured out the last drop of tea, drank it, washed up, and again] sat down by the window to work — [he had some back-stitching to do. He stitched and stitched, and now and then cast glances at the window — he was looking for Christ, and could think of nothing but Him and His works. And the divers sayings of Christ were in his head all the time.

Two soldiers passed by, one in regimental boots, the other in boots of his own making; after that, the owner of the next house passed by in nicely brushed goloshes. A baker with a basket also passed by. All these passed by in turn, and] then there came alongside the window a woman in worsted stockings and rustic shoes, and as she was passing by she stopped short in front of the partition wall. Avdyeeich looked up at her from his window, and he saw that the woman was a stranger and poorly clad, and that she had a little child with her. She was leaning up against the wall with her back to the wind, and tried to wrap the child up, but she had nothing to wrap it up with. The woman wore summer clothes, and thin enough they were.

And from out of his corner Avdyeeich heard the child crying and the woman trying to comfort it, but she could not. Then Avdyeeich got up, went out of the door and on to the steps, and cried, "My good woman! my good woman!"

The woman heard him and turned round.

"Why dost thou stand out in the cold there with the child? Come inside! In the warm room thou wilt be better able to tend him. This way!"

The woman was amazed. What she saw was an old fellow in an apron and with glasses on his nose calling to her. She came towards him.

They went down the steps together — they went into the room. The old man led the woman to the bed. "There," said he, "sit down, gossip, nearer to the stove, and warm and feed thy little one. . . ."

He went to the table, got some bread and a dish, [opened the oven door, put some cabbage soup into the dish, took out a pot of gruel, but it was not quite ready, so he put some cabbage soup only into the dish, and placed it on the table. Then he fetched bread, took down the cloth from the hook, and spread it on the table.]

"Sit down and have something to eat, gossip," said he, "and I will sit down a little with the youngster. I have had children of my own, and know how to manage them."

The woman crossed herself, sat down at the table, and began to eat, and Avdyeeich sat down on the bed with the child. [Avdyeeich smacked his lips at him again and again, but his lack of teeth made it a clumsy joke at best. And all the time the child never left off shrieking. Then Avdyeeich hit upon the idea of shaking his finger at him, so he snapped his fingers

up and down, backwards and forwards, right in front of the child's mouth. He did not put his finger into its mouth, because his finger was black and sticky with cobbler's wax. And the child stared at the finger and was silent, and presently it began to laugh. And Avdyeeich was delighted. But] the woman went on eating, and told him who she was and whence she came.

"I am a soldier's wife," she said: "my eight months' husband they drove right away from me, and nothing has been heard of him since. I took a cook's place till I became a mother. They could not keep me *and* the child. It is now three months since I have been drifting about without any fixed resting-place. I have eaten away my all. [I wanted to be a wet-nurse, but people would n't have me: 'Thou art too thin,' they said. I have just been to the merchant's wife where our grandmother lives, and there they promised to take me in. I thought it was all right, but she told me to come again in a week. But she lives a long way off.] I am chilled to death, and he is quite tired out. But, God be praised! our landlady has compassion on us, and gives us shelter for Christ's sake. But for that I don't know how we could live through it all."

Avdyeeich sighed, and said, "And have you no warm clothes?"

"Ah, kind friend! this is indeed warm-clothes time, but yesterday I pawned away my last shawl for two *grivenki*."[1]

The woman went to the bed and took up the child, but Avdyeeich stood up, went to the wall cupboard,

[1] A grivenka is the tenth part of a ruble — about 5 cents.

rummaged about a bit, and then brought back with him an old jacket.

"Look!" said he, "'tis a shabby thing, 'tis true, but it will do to wrap up in."

The woman looked at the old jacket, then she gazed at the old man, and, taking the jacket, fell a-weeping. [Avdyeeich also turned away, crept under the bed, drew out a trunk, and seemed to be very busy about it, whereupon he again sat down opposite the woman.]

Then the woman said: "Christ requite thee, dear little father! It is plain that it was He who sent me by thy window. When I first came out it was warm, and now it has turned very cold. And He it was, little father, who made thee look out of the window and have compassion on wretched me."

Avdyeeich smiled slightly, and said: "Yes, He must have done it, for I looked not out of the window in vain, dear gossip!"

[And Avdyeeich told his dream to the soldier's wife also, and how he had heard a voice promising that the Lord should come to him that day.

"All things are possible," said the woman. Then she rose up, put on the jacket, wrapped it round her little one, and then began to curtsy and thank Avdyeeich once more.

"Take this for Christ's sake," said Avdyeeich, giving her a two-grivenka piece, "and redeem your shawl." The woman crossed herself, Avdyeeich crossed himself, and then he led the woman to the door.]

The woman went away. Avdyeeich ate up the remainder of the cabbage soup, washed up, and again sat down to work. He worked on and on, but he did

not forget the window, and whenever the window was darkened he immediately looked up to see who was passing. [Acquaintances passed, strangers passed, but there was no one in particular.]

But now Avdyeeich sees how, right in front of his window, an old woman, a huckster, has taken her stand. She carries a basket of apples. Not many now remained; she had evidently sold them nearly all. Across her shoulder she carried a sack full of shavings. She must have picked them up near some new building, and was taking them home with her. It was plain that the sack was straining her shoulder. She wanted to shift it on to the other shoulder, so she rested the sack on the pavement, placed the apple-basket on a small post, and set about shaking down the shavings in the sack. Now while she was shaking down the sack, an urchin in a ragged cap suddenly turned up, goodness knows from whence, grabbed at one of the apples in the basket, and would have made off with it, but the wary old woman turned quickly round and gripped the youth by the sleeve. The lad fought and tried to tear himself loose, but the old woman seized him with both hands, knocked his hat off, and tugged hard at his hair. The lad howled, and the woman reviled him. Avdyeeich did not stop to put away his awl, but pitched it on the floor, rushed into the courtyard, and in his haste stumbled on the steps and dropped his glasses. Avdyeeich ran out into the street. The old woman was tugging at the lad's hair and wanted to drag him off to the police, while the boy fought and kicked.

"I did n't take it," said he. "What are you whacking me for? Let me go!"

Avdyeeich came up and tried to part them. He seized the lad by the arm and said: "Let him go, little mother! Forgive him for Christ's sake!"

"I'll forgive him so that he sha'n't forget the taste of fresh birch-rods. I mean to take the rascal to the police station."

Avdyeeich began to entreat with the old woman.

"Let him go, little mother; he will not do so any more. Let him go for Christ's sake."

The old woman let him go. The lad would have bolted, but Avdyeeich held him fast.

"Beg the little mother's pardon," said he, "and don't do such things any more. I saw thee take them."

Then the lad began to cry and beg pardon.

"Well, that's all right! And now, there's an apple for thee." And Avdyeeich took one out of the basket and gave it to the boy. "I'll pay thee for it, little mother," he said to the old woman.

"Thou wilt ruin them that way, the blackguards," said the old woman. "If I had the rewarding of him, he should not be able to sit down for a week."

"Oh, little mother, little mother!" cried Avdyeeich, "that is our way of looking at things, but it is not God's way. If we ought to be whipped so for the sake of one apple, what do we deserve for our sins?"

The old woman was silent.

[And Avdyeeich told the old woman about the parable of the master who forgave his servant a very great debt, and how that servant immediately went out and caught his fellow-servant by the throat because he was his debtor. The old woman listened to the end, and the lad listened too.]

"God bade us forgive," said Avdyeeich, "otherwise He will not forgive us. We must forgive every one, especially the thoughtless."

The old woman shook her head and sighed.

["That 's all very well," she said, "but they are spoiled enough already."

"Then it is for us old people to teach them better," said Avdyeeich.

"So say I," replied the old woman. "I had seven of them at one time, and now I have but a single daughter left." And the old woman began telling him where and how she lived with her daughter, and how many grandchildren she had. "I 'm not what I was," she said, "but I work all I can. I am sorry for my grandchildren, and good children they are, too. No one is so glad to see me as they are. Little Aksyutka will go to none but me. 'Grandma dear! darling grandma!'" and the old woman was melted to tears. "As for him," she added, pointing to the lad, "boys will be boys, I suppose. Well, God be with him!"]

Now just as the old woman was about to hoist the sack on to her shoulder, the lad rushed forward and said:

"Give it here, and I 'll carry it for thee, granny! It is all in my way."

The old woman shook her head, but she did put the sack on the lad's shoulder.

And so they trudged down the street together side by side. [And the old woman forgot to ask Avdyeeich for the money for the apple. Avdyeeich kept standing and looking after them, and heard how they talked to each other, as they went, about all sorts of things.]

Avdyeeich followed them with his eyes till they were out of sight, then he turned homewards [and found his glasses on the steps (they were not broken), picked up his awl,] and sat down to work again. He worked away for a little while, but soon he was scarcely able to distinguish the stitches, [and he saw the lamplighter going round to light the lamps.] "I see it is time to light up," thought he, [so he trimmed his little lamp, lighted it, and again sat down to work. He finished one boot completely, turned it round and inspected it. "Good!" he cried.] He put away his tools, swept up the cuttings, removed the brushes and tips, put away the awl, took down the lamp, placed it on the table, and took down the Gospels from the shelf. He wanted to find the passage where he had last evening placed a strip of morocco leather by way of a marker, but he lit upon another place. And just as Avdyeeich opened the Gospel, he recollected his dream of yesterday evening. And no sooner did he call it to mind than it seemed to him as if some persons were moving about and shuffling with their feet behind him. Avdyeeich glanced round and saw that somebody was indeed standing in the dark corner — yes, someone was really there, but who, he could not exactly make out. Then a voice whispered in his ear:

"Martin! Martin! dost thou not know me?"

"Who art thou?" cried Avdyeeich.

"'Tis I," cried the voice, "lo, 'tis I!" And forth from the dark corner stepped Stepanuich. He smiled, and it was as though a little cloud were breaking, and he was gone.

"It is I!" cried the voice, and forth from the corner stepped a woman with a little child; and the

woman smiled and the child laughed, and they also disappeared.

"And it is I!" cried the voice, and the old woman and the lad with the apple stepped forth, and both of them smiled, and they also disappeared.

And the heart of Avdyeeich was glad. He crossed himself, put on his glasses, and began to read the Gospels at the place where he had opened them. And at the top of the page he read these words: "And I was an hungered and thirsty, and ye gave Me to drink. I was a stranger, and ye took Me in."

And at the bottom of the page he read this: "Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

And Avdyeeich understood that his dream had not deceived him, and that the Saviour had really come to him that day, and he had really received Him.

One difference between the text of the story for reading and one for telling lies in the more colloquial style of the latter. A text for reading requires a certain dignity and precision of style which is not necessary in the story which is to be told, — not that the story teller should lower his standard of English, or allow himself a loose or shiftless style, but because the more intimate relations between the story teller and his audience admit of a freedom which would not be permissible in written form.

A long introduction to a story may be condensed for telling into a few sentences which will preserve the atmosphere and setting of the story, at the same time hastening the incidents for which the listener waits. The story teller must keep in mind that his audience is preëminently interested in the development of the plot of the story rather than in descriptions or explanatory incidents. These he may use, but only as something which shall make the action of the story more vital and interesting. Another difference between the text of the story for reading and for telling must be made by eliminating any secondary stories of the written version, and keeping to the line of the main plot; whatever does not bear directly on it may be considered irrelevant.

Story telling is in no sense reading, either with or without a book; and while care should be taken to select the very best possible version of the story for reproduction, it is not necessary to attempt a verbatim recitation of the same.

It is impossible for one who has not spent much time in study to understand the sig-

nificance and production of tone and gesture and all the carefully concealed machinery which lies back of any art. But there is one thing which any one must be willing to do before he attempts to tell stories in even the most unassuming way; namely, to so live with the literature which he is to interpret that he becomes filled with the spirit and atmosphere of the tale and it becomes in a sense his own. Too much emphasis cannot be laid upon the necessity of this one thing. I have known artists who live with the stories they are to tell a year, sometimes two years, before they feel that they are ready to give them to an audience.

The experience of great artists in the dramatic world is identical in this regard. No matter how marvellous their memories, they are not guilty of running over the lines of a play as they go to the theatre, and reproducing it in the next breath. Long association with the character whom they are to impersonate is one of the essentials to an understanding of that character. The more one can know of the historical surroundings, the geographical setting, the manners and

customs of the people that form the background of a story no matter how little they seem to come into the story itself, the more the story will mean to him and the more he can make it mean to others, because it becomes nearer like an experience of his own.

As to the performance, to use the technical term, it should be remembered that story tellers are temperamentally as unlike as singers, and their manner of telling a story will vary from a dramatic one to one of the utmost simplicity; but the more they know of the history and customs of the first story tellers, troubadours, skalds, or minnesingers, the more they keep their art before them as an ideal, the more truly will they merit the name and earn the laurels of real story tellers. Imitation tends to make spontaneity impossible; but absolute freedom to tell the story which has made a personal appeal to the story teller, which he himself enjoys no matter how others regard it, such an atmosphere is the only one which can insure success. An unpleasant association with a story during childhood, or a present lack of interest in it, will rob the story teller of the element of

personal enjoyment in it which is vital to a successful rendering, and no matter how charming others may find it, it is not his story to tell.

The important thing, of course, to consider first is the adaptability of the story to the age which one expects to interest. If it seems suited to this particular point of view and experience, a careful reading, perhaps more than one, will be necessary before it becomes evident where to condense, what the simple development of the plot is, and what the real climax of the story. This is necessary for a single story, or for a cycle of stories which, each a complete incident in itself, yet form links in a chain of some one inclusive experience.

The Jungle Books will serve as an excellent illustration of material which needs editing for the use of the story teller. They are fascinating stories for children of fourth and fifth grades when they once catch the idea of the books, but they seem difficult and baffling to many children who have not been fortunate in their introduction to them.

The story teller selects from the two vol-

umes of stories those relating to Mowgli, and arranges them as nearly as possible in chronological order, thus makes a series of unfailing charm.

JUNGLE STORIES

Story 1. "Mowgli's Brothers"
Early life. Jungle Book.

Story 2. "Kaa's Hunting"
Life in the jungle. Jungle Book.
(Begin second or third sentence)

Story 3. "How Fear Came"
Life in the jungle. Second Jungle Book.

Story 4. "Red Fire." Jungle Book.
Page 27 — Begin: "It was a very warm day (when Mowgli was ten or twelve) that a new" — etc.

Story 5. "Tiger! Tiger!" Jungle Book.
(Begin second sentence)

Story 6. "Letting in the Jungle." Second Jungle Book.

Story 7. "Red Dog." Second Jungle Book.

Story 8. "Spring Running." Second Jungle Book.

If the eight stories make too long a cycle, "Kaa's Hunting," and "How Fear Came," may be omitted; or, the story telling may be used merely to introduce the book and leave the children to read it themselves.

Other stories in these collections are interesting as giving pictures of jungle life, but any child once having become acquainted with Mowgli will be eager to hear what happened to him and what his adventures were; everything else is for the time being of no moment at all; more than that, to the real child nothing but a present interest has any existence.

Having discussed the question of the value of reading aloud to children, it will be scarcely necessary to say, there are many pieces of literature that will lose so much in charm and effectiveness from a failure to reproduce their exact form, that it is far better to read than to tell them. Kipling's "Just-so Stories" are typical examples of stories which should be read or recited rather than told.

CHAPTER IV

ARRANGING THE PROGRAM OF MISCELLANEOUS STORIES

Comparison between the construction of a musical program and one of stories; illustrative programs; stories for a Japanese program; stories for a Spring program.

IT is probable that the teacher and the fireside story teller will find one story, or at the most two, sufficient for the requirements of their story-hours; but the library story-hour will often necessitate the arrangement of a number of miscellaneous stories so that they can be given one after the other during a specified time.

Some of the larger libraries have undertaken a series of story-hours at each of which a single story is told, the stories all having the same hero, and taken together forming a cycle; but by far the greater number have used what may be termed the miscellaneous program.

This kind of program seems best adapted for children who have not learned to be good listeners, and for younger children, as they lack the fully developed power of concentration which is needed if they are to listen for a long period at one time, without the relief which comes from a break in the stories and a change of subject.

It is claimed that the spirit of the artist is revealed in his ability to "build programs," and if this is true I am afraid that many story-hours have little claim to rank above vaudeville performances, for they merely shift from one "attraction" to another, without sequence or relation of any kind. There is, of course, some gain to the child from the stories themselves, provided the selection has been a good one, but the effect of one story is often much lessened because of the character of the one which preceded or which followed it.

The construction of a program for an entertainment or for an isolated story-hour is a difficult problem; the task becomes much less difficult if the audience is one which assembles regularly and is familiar with the

stories which have been told already, for their interest has in a measure already been secured, and their attitude toward the story-hour is an established thing.

In the regular story-hour, even where it is devoted to a variety of stories, much more can be accomplished when some central thought forms the unobtrusive background of the tales. Such a background is supplied when the effort is made to have the stories related to some special season or holiday, that underlying thought furnishing the reason for the selection, though, to change the figure, the thread which binds the units in one artistic whole may have a certain elasticity. Take for example, a program for Spring, the main portion of which will naturally be made of legends and stories about the season itself, or its birds or flowers. Into such a program it would be quite permissible to introduce a Robin Hood story, if it were one of those picturing the outdoor life of the famous outlaw, because the freedom, the forest, the singing birds and even the spirit of adventure, have in them the very essence of the springtime, and the introduction of

the human interest is always an acceptable contrast to fairies, dryads, and creatures of pure imagination.

With stories as with music, the grouping may be made about the compositions of a single man, like an Andersen or a Grimm program; or it may be illustrative of a certain kind of stories, for example, those which portray the hero idea or ghost story type; stories characteristic of a country, such as Irish fairy tales or Uncle Remus stories; or one may use a definite theme and build a program about that, making the secondary stories contribute to the strength and significance of the central thought.

The Story Tellers' League of Adrian, Michigan, has made a year's program on this last basis, the central theme being "England in Story." Each program illustrates some phase of the subject, as for example, "Gleemen and minstrels," "Famous ballads and ballad stories"; "Chaucer's England and stories from Chaucer."

When a child has heard a thoughtfully conceived program, he has gained not only what the individual stories have meant to

him, but the value of each story has been increased by its relation to the whole and to each part.

One has only to recall some of the story-hours he has attended to remember the impression they made of being a mere jumble, in which there seemed to be neither beginning nor end, and certainly no underlying purpose.

Nothing has been so suggestive in my own program-making as a study of musical programs, particularly those of great orchestras. They attempt through a different medium to reach people through intellect and emotions as those who use the medium of speech should do, and the programs of great conductors who are masters of program-making show that they understand the psychology of this art.

The first thing necessary in approaching an audience is to get control of it, to make it listen to what you have to say. This cannot be accomplished with a lullaby, or a delicate bit of folklore, a very gem of art though it may be: the very quality of softness and delicacy requires a set-

ting of perfect sympathy for its production, and nothing has been done to create that sympathy.

The orchestra is demanding attention, the clear notes of the overture catch the ear, and the audience listens. A song like "Hark! Hark! the Lark" has this same quality in it, and so is fitted to gain the attention of those who wait to hear. An analysis of stories with this in mind will discover those which sound the trumpet tone and so have the power to win attention.

When the music, or the story, has won the interest of the hearers, then is the opportunity to say the larger, more serious and thoughtful thing, often the thing full of inspiration and uplift. Here is the symphony, speaking to the clear, awakened thought of the listener, stirring his emotions and ideals, but appealing to his intellect as well. This is the body of the program, which in story telling may sometimes be composed of more than one story; but whether one or more, its function should be similar to that of the symphony, having the effect produced, for example, by a great hero story.

What should have been gained when the program has advanced thus far, is not only interest, but the attitude of understanding and appreciation, a willingness to see things through the eyes of the story teller. Now is the opportunity for the greatest thing to be revealed which the program has to say. This is the climax not only of artistic skill, but of thought; the end toward which all the rest has led.

This does not mean that there may be only three numbers on the program, but rather that there are three movements, requiring more or less material to express themselves.

For example, the opening story may be emphasized and its note made more dominant by an additional story or two of a type to sustain the spirit of the introduction. Again, after the body of the program, the hero story or its equivalent, it is often desirable to introduce a story of a lighter vein, perhaps a humorous story which shall make the climax stronger by the element of contrast.

There ought to be variety of emotion, a proper balance of parts, so that the effect will not to be too sombre or too high-keyed,

and the form of the stories should also be considered, so that the audience may not be surfeited with any one type. The legend is one of the most charming forms of literature for telling, but if one tells nothing but legends they lose their charm and fascination. There should always be a play of light and shadow, just a little touch of pathos, and the suggestion or clear note of humor, but, particularly with children, the emotions should never be roused simply for gratifying the sense of power of the story teller, nor to produce effects by over-stimulation of their sensitiveness.

It is far better to leave children eager for more stories than tired and restless because they have too many. For this reason a short program full of suggestiveness and incentive for future reading is ideal.

The following stories have been selected and arranged for two programs, one giving a group of Japanese stories, the other with the central idea that of Spring. The opening stories of both programs have the quality of catching the attention of the listeners, as already suggested, and there is a development

in the programs which leaves the more serious impression for the climax.

It is often a wise thing to make a short introduction before giving any of the stories, just a few sentences which shall give the proper atmosphere for the full enjoyment of them. Perhaps a few words about Japan and the charm of its picturesque customs and people would give the children the setting desired, or the stories themselves may advantageously be introduced if there is something of particular interest about them.

The story teller often takes for granted that the audience is as familiar with the circumstances connected with the origin and history of the stories as he is after years of study, when such is not the case. It is interesting to know, for instance, of the custom among the Japanese of telling certain stories regarding the flowers which they honor with festivals; or it may be a new idea to the children that the story of the "Stone-cutter" is only one of the versions of the story told almost everywhere in the Orient.

One must be careful not to take on the tone of instruction, and not to break into the at-

mosphere of the program by the introduction of anything of a prosaic character. It is a mark of artistic achievement to be able to sustain the interest in the entire program, wihout letting it drop or permitting it to lose its distinctive characteristic.

A PROGRAM OF JAPANESE STORIES[1]

THE TONGUE-CUT SPARROW
THE WHITE HARE AND THE CROCODILES
THE BOASTFUL BAMBOO
PRINCESS MOONBEAM
THE MIRROR OF MATSUYAMA
THE OLD MAN WHO BROUGHT WITHERED TREES TO LIFE
THE STONE-CUTTER

THE TONGUE-CUT SPARROW[2]

FROM WILLISTON'S "JAPANESE FAIRY TALES"

IN a little old house in a little old village in Japan lived a little old man and his little old wife.

One morning when the old woman slid open the screens which form the sides of the Japanese houses, she saw on the doorstep a poor little sparrow. She

[1] Some of these stories will need abridging for telling.
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took him up gently and fed him. Then she held him in the bright morning sunshine until the cold dew was dried from his wings. Afterward she let him go, so that he might fly home to his nest, but he stayed to thank her with his songs.

Each morning, when the pink on the mountain tops told that the sun was near, the sparrow perched on the roof of the house and sang out his joy.

The old man and woman thanked the sparrow for this, for they liked to be up early and at work. But near them there lived a cross old woman who did not like to be awakened so early. At last she became so angry that she caught the sparrow and cut his tongue. Then the poor little sparrow flew away to his home. But he could never sing again.

When the kind woman knew what had happened to her pet she was very sad. She said to her husband, "Let us go and find our poor little sparrow." So they started together, and asked of each bird by the wayside: "Do you know where the tongue-cut sparrow lives? Do you know where the tongue-cut sparrow went?"

In this way they followed until they came to a bridge. They did not know which way to turn, and at first could see no one to ask.

At last they saw a bat hanging head downward, taking his daytime nap. "O friend Bat, do you know where the tongue-cut sparrow went?" they asked.

"Yes. Over the bridge and up the mountain," said the bat. Then he blinked his sleepy eyes and was fast asleep again.

They went over the bridge and up the mountain, but again they found two roads and did not know which one to take. A little field mouse peeped through

the leaves and grass, so they asked him, "Do you know where the tongue-cut sparrow went?"

"Yes. Down the mountain and through the woods," said the field mouse.

Down the mountain and through the woods they went, and at last came to the home of their little friend.

When he saw them coming the poor little sparrow was very happy indeed. He and his wife and children all came and bowed their heads down to the ground to show their respect. Then the sparrow rose and led the old man and the old woman into the house, while his wife and children hastened to bring them boiled rice, fish, cress, and *saké*.

After they had feasted the sparrow wished to please them still more, so he danced for them what is called the "sparrow dance."

When the sun began to sink the old man and woman started home. The sparrow brought out two baskets. "I would like to give you one of these," he said. "Which will you take?" One basket was large and looked very full, while the other one seemed very small and light. The old people thought they would not take the large basket, for that might have all the sparrow's treasure in it, so they said, "The way is long and we are very old, so please let us take the smaller one."

They took it and walked home over the mountain and across the bridge, happy and contented.

When they reached their own home they decided to open the basket and see what the sparrow had given them. Within the basket they found many rolls of silk and piles of gold, enough to make them rich, so they were more grateful than ever to the sparrow.

The cross old woman who had cut the sparrow's tongue was peering in through the screen when they opened their basket. She saw the rolls of silk and piles of gold, and planned how she might get some for herself.

The next morning she went to the kind woman and said, "I am so sorry that I cut the tongue of your sparrow. Please tell me the way to his home so that I may go to him and tell him I am sorry."

The kind woman told her the way and she set out. She went across the bridge, over the mountain, and through the woods. At last she came to the home of the little sparrow.

He was not so glad to see this old woman, yet he was very kind to her and did everything to make her feel welcome. They made a feast for her, and when she started home the sparrow brought out two baskets as before. Of course the woman chose the large basket, for she thought that would have even more wealth than the other one.

It was very heavy, and caught on the trees as she was going through the wood. She could hardly pull it up the mountain with her, and she was all out of breath when she reached the top. She did not get to the bridge until it was dark. Then she was so afraid of dropping the basket into the river that she scarcely dared to step.

When at last she reached home she was so tired that she was half dead, but she pulled the screens close shut, so that no one could look in, and opened her treasure.

Treasure indeed! A whole swarm of horrible creatures burst from the basket the moment she opened it. They stung her and bit her, they pushed her and

pulled her, they scratched her and laughed at her screams.

At last she crawled to the edge of the room and slid aside the screen to get away from the pests. The moment the door was opened they swooped down upon her, picked her up, and flew away with her. Since then nothing has ever been heard of the old woman.

THE WHITE HARE AND THE CROCODILES[1]

From Ozaki's "The Japanese Fairy Book"

Long, long ago, when all the animals could talk, there lived in the province of Inaba in Japan, a little white hare. His home was on the island of Oki, and just across the sea was the mainland of Inaba.

Now the hare wanted very much to cross over to Inaba. Day after day he would go out and sit on the shore and look longingly over the water in the direction of Inaba, and day after day he hoped to find some way of getting across.

One day as usual, the hare was standing on the beach, looking towards the mainland across the water, when he saw a great crocodile swimming near the island.

"This is very lucky!" thought the hare. "Now I shall be able to get my wish. I will ask the crocodile to carry me across the sea!"

But he was doubtful whether the crocodile would consent to do what he asked, so he thought instead of asking a favor he would try to get what he wanted by a trick.

[1] Copyright, E. P. Dutton & Co. Used by permission.

So with a loud voice he called to the crocodile, and said:

"Oh, Mr. Crocodile, is n't it a lovely day?"

The crocodile, who had come out all by itself that day to enjoy the bright sunshine, was just beginning to feel a bit lonely when the hare's cheerful greeting broke the silence. The crocodile swam nearer the shore, very pleased to hear someone speak.

"I wonder who it was that spoke to me just now! Was it you, Mr Hare? You must be very lonely all by yourself!"

"Oh, no, I am not at all lonely," said the hare, "but as it was such a fine day I came out here to enjoy myself. Won't you stop and play with me a little while?"

The crocodile came out of the sea and sat on the shore, and the two played together for some time. Then the hare said:

"Mr. Crocodile, you live in the sea and I live on this island, and we do not often meet, so I know very little about you. Tell me, do you think the number of your company is greater than mine?"

"Of course there are more crocodiles than hares," answered the crocodile. "Can you not see that for yourself? You live on this small island, while I live in the sea, which spreads through all parts of the world; so if I call together all the crocodiles who dwell in the sea you hares will be as nothing compared to us!" The crocodile was very conceited.

The hare, who meant to play a trick on the crocodile, said:

"Do you think it possible for you to call up enough crocodiles to form a line from this island across the sea to Inaba?"

The crocodile thought for a moment, and then answered:

"Of course it is possible."

"Then do try," said the artful hare, "and I will count the number from here!"

The crocodile, who was very simple-minded, and who had n't the least idea that the hare intended to play a trick on him, agreed to do what the hare asked, and said:

"Wait a little while I go back into the sea and call my company together!"

The crocodile plunged into the sea and was gone for some time. The hare, meanwhile, waited patiently on the shore. At last the crocodile appeared, bringing with him a large number of other crocodiles.

"Look, Mr. Hare!" said the crocodile, "it is nothing for my friends to form a line between here and Inaba. There are enough crocodiles to stretch from here even as far as China or India. Did you ever see so many crocodiles?"

Then the whole company of crocodiles arranged themselves in the water so as to form a bridge between the island of Oki and the mainland of Inaba. When the hare saw the bridge of crocodiles, he said:

"How splendid! I did not believe this was possible. Now let me count you all! To do this, however, with your permission, I must walk over on your backs to the other side, so please be so good as not to move, or else I shall fall into the sea and be drowned!"

So the hare hopped off the island on to the strange bridge of crocodiles, counting as he jumped from one crocodile's back to the other:

"Please keep quite still, or I shall not be able to

count. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine——"

Thus the cunning hare walked right across to the mainland of Inaba. Not content with getting his wish, he began to jeer at the crocodiles instead of thanking them and said, as he leapt off the last one's back:

"Oh! you stupid crocodiles, now I have done with you!"

And he was just about to run away as fast as he could. But he did not escape so easily, for as soon as the crocodiles understood that this was a trick played upon them by the hare so as to enable him to cross the sea, and that the hare was now laughing at them for their stupidity, they became furiously angry and made up their minds to take revenge. So some of them ran after the hare and caught him. Then all surrounded the poor little animal and pulled out all his fur. He cried out loudly and entreated them to spare him, but with each tuft of fur they pulled out, they said:

"Serve you right!"

When the crocodiles had pulled out the last bit of fur, they threw the poor hare on the beach, and all swam away laughing at what they had done.

The hare was now in a pitiful plight, all his beautiful white fur had been pulled out, and his bare little body was quivering with pain and bleeding all over. He could hardly move, and all he could do was to lie on the beach quite helpless and weep over the misfortune that had befallen him. Notwithstanding that it was his own fault that had brought all this misery and suffering upon the white hare of Inaba, anyone seeing the poor little creature could

not help feeling sorry for him in his sad condition, for the crocodiles had been very cruel in their revenge.

Just at this time a number of men, who looked like kings' sons, happened to pass by, and seeing the hare lying on the beach crying, stopped and asked what was the matter.

The hare lifted up his head from between his paws, and answered them, saying:

"I had a fight with some crocodiles, but I was beaten, and they pulled out all my fur and left me to suffer here — that is why I am crying."

Now one of these young men had a bad and spiteful disposition. But he feigned kindness, and said to the hare:

"I feel very sorry for you. If you will only try it, I know of a remedy which will cure your sore body. Go and bathe yourself in the sea, and then come and sit in the wind. This will make your fur grow again, and you will be just as you were before."

Then all the young men passed on. The hare was very pleased, thinking that he had found a cure. He went and bathed in the sea and then came out and sat where the wind could blow upon him.

But as the wind blew and dried him, his skin became drawn and hardened, and the salt increased the pain so much that he rolled on the sand in his agony and cried aloud.

Just then another king's son passed by, carrying a great bag on his back. He saw the hare, and stopped and asked why he was crying so loudly.

But the poor hare, remembering that he had been deceived by one very like the man who now spoke to him, did not answer, but continued to cry.

But this man had a kind heart, and looked at the hare very pityingly, and said:

"You poor thing! I see that your fur is all pulled out and that your skin is quite bare. Who can have treated you so cruelly?"

When the hare heard these kind words he felt very grateful to the man, and encouraged by his gentle manner the hare told him all that had befallen him. The little animal hid nothing from his friend, but told him frankly how he had played a trick on the crocodiles and how he had come across the bridge they had made, thinking that he wished to count their number; how he had jeered at them for their stupidity, and then how the crocodiles had revenged themselves on him. Then he went on to say how he had been deceived by a party of men who looked very like his kind friend; and the hare ended his long tale of woe by begging the man to give him some medicine that would cure him and make his fur grow again.

When the hare had finished his story, the man was full of pity towards him, and said:

"I am very sorry for all you have suffered, but remember, it was only the consequence of the deceit you practised on the crocodiles."

"I know," answered the sorrowful hare, "but I have repented and made up my mind never to use deceit again, so I beg you to show me how I may cure my sore body and make the fur grow again."

"Then I will tell you of a good remedy," said the man. "First go and bathe well in that pond over there and try to wash all the salt from your body. Then pick some of those *kaba* flowers that are growing near the edge of the water, spread them on the ground and roll yourself on them. If you do this the

pollen will cause your fur to grow again, and you will be quite well in a little while."

The hare was very glad to be told what to do so kindly. He crawled to the pond pointed out to him, bathed well in it, and then picked the *kaba* flowers growing near the water, and rolled himself on them.

To his amazement, even while he was doing this, he saw his nice white fur growing again, the pain ceased and he felt just as he had done before all his misfortunes.

The hare was overjoyed at his quick recovery, and went hopping joyfully towards the young man who had so helped him, and kneeling down at his feet, said:

"I cannot express my thanks for all you have done for me! It is my earnest wish to do something for you in return. Please tell me who you are?"

"I am no king's son, as you think me. I am a fairy, and my name is Okuni-nushi-no-Mikoto," answered the man, "and those beings who passed here before me are my brothers. They have heard of a beautiful princess called Yakami who lives in this province of Inaba, and they are on their way to find her and to ask her to marry one of them. But on this expedition, I am only an attendant, so I am walking behind them with this great bag on my back."

The hare humbled himself before this great fairy Okuni-nushi-no-Mikoto, whom many in that part of the land worshipped as a god.

"Oh, I did not know that you were Okuni-nushi-no-Mikoto. How kind you have been to me! It is impossible to believe that that unkind fellow who sent me to bathe in the sea is one of your brothers. I am quite sure that the Princess whom your brothers

have gone to seek will refuse to be the bride of any of them, and will prefer you for your goodness of heart. I am quite sure that you will win her heart without intending to do so, and she will ask to be your bride."

Okuni-nushi-no-Mikoto took no notice of what the hare said, but bidding the little animal good-bye, went on his way quickly, and soon overtook his brothers. He found them just entering the Princess's gate.

Just as the hare had said, the Princess could not be persuaded to become the bride of any of the brothers, but when she looked at the kind brother's face she went straight up to him and said:

"To you I give myself." And so they were married.

This is the end of the story. Okuni-nushi-no-Mikoto is worshipped by the people in some parts of Japan, as a god, and the hare has become famous as "The White Hare of Inaba." But what became of the crocodiles nobody knows.

THE BOASTFUL BAMBOO[1]

From Roulet's "Japanese Folk Stories and Fairy Tales"

Beneath the gleaming snows of Fuji lay a great forest. There many giant trees grew, the fir, the pine, the graceful bamboo, and the camellia trees. The balmy azaleas and the crinkled iris bloomed in the shade. The blue heavens were fleecy with snowy clouds, and gentle zephyrs caressed the blossoms and made them bow like worshippers before a shrine.

Side by side there grew two bamboo trees. One

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of these was tall, strong, and stately; and he reared his haughty head to heaven and bowed not to the North Wind as he passed. The other was a slender bamboo, so slight and delicate that it swayed with every breeze, and moaned with fright when a storm swept down the wrath of the mountain.

The children loved the graceful bamboo, and named her Silver Mist; but the big bamboo looked down upon her with scorn.

"You bend and bow to every breeze. Have you no pride? It is not fitting that a bamboo should show fear. I stand straight and strong and bow to no one," he said.

"You are going to be of some great use in the world, I am sure," said the humble bamboo. "I am only fit to trim the houses for the New Year's feast. But you will become a beam in some great house or, maybe, even in a palace."

"Do you think I shall be only that," cried the boastful bamboo with a scornful laugh. "I am indeed intended for something great. I think I shall be chosen for the mast of a mighty ship. Then will the wings of the ship swell with the breeze, and it will fly over the ocean, and I shall see strange lands and new peoples. All men will behold me and will say, 'See the stately bamboo which graces yonder junk!' As for you, poor timorous one, you are not even brave enough to deck the New Year's feast. You will be used to make mats for people to tread under foot."

The slim little bamboo did not answer back. She only bent her head and cried bitterly. The flowers felt sorry for her and breathed their soft perfume about her to comfort her.

As the days went by the slim bamboo grew prettier, and the children loved her more and more. They played beneath her waving branches, they made flower chains and garlands and hung them from her boughs.

"See," they cried in childish glee. "This is the Lady Silver Mist. Let us tie a flower *obi* around her slender waist"; and they bound a girdle of flowers about her.

One day there came woodmen to the forest, and they chopped down many of the trees, trampling the grass and the flowers under foot. When they saw the big bamboo they said:

"Here is a tall straight tree. It will do for a mast. We will cut it first."

"Good-bye," said the boastful bamboo to the slender one. "I am going to see the world and do great things. Good-bye, child, I hope you will not be used to make rain coats. When I am on the bright and beautiful sea I shall remember and pity you!"

"Good-bye," sighed his little comrade. "Good fortune go with you."

The big bamboo was cut down, and the hillside saw him no more. When, however, the woodmen came to the little tree, they smiled to see it so beautifully garlanded with flowers and they said, "This little tree has friends."

Then the children took courage and ran to the woodcutters and cried, "Pray do not cut down our tree! In all the forest we love it best. It is the Lady Silver Mist and it has been our playmate for many moons."

"You must dig it up and bear it away if you wish to save its life," said the chief woodman. "We are

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sent to this forest to clear it, so that a grand palace may be built upon the hillside where all is so fair and beautiful."

"Gladly will we root her up and take her to our home," answered the eldest child; and very carefully they dug her up, not destroying even a single root, for the woodman helped them, so kind was he and of a good heart.

They placed the slim bamboo in a lovely garden beside the sea, and she grew fair and stately and was happy. All around was calm and beautiful. The sea waves lapped the coral strand. By day, the sun shone on the tawny sands and turned them to gold; the sky was blue as a turquoise, and pearly clouds floated across it like shadowy angel's wings. By night the moon goddess rose in silvery beauty and bathed the garden in light; it kissed the leaves of the bamboo, until the dew sparkled upon them like diamonds in a setting of silver.

Fragrant flowers bloomed at the bamboo's feet: irises from their meadow home, azaleas, rare lotus lilies, and a fringe of purple wistaria wafting its breath in friendship upon her. Here she grew in strength and grace. All things were her friends, for she gave to all of her sweetness; and to the winds she bowed her head.

"Great North Wind," she said gently, "*how* thou art strong!" And to the South Wind she said, "How sweet and kind thou art!" To the flowers she gave shade and to the children, who still loved her, companionship.

One night she shivered and bowed her head very, very low, for there came a storm from the sea, a storm so fierce and wild as to frighten her very

soul. The waves of the sea tossed the white foam heavenward; they rose up in giant walls of fury until ships sunk in the troughs between and were dashed to pieces. The beach was strewn with wrecks, and when daylight came, Lady Silver Mist gazed upon the scene. She recognized her old friend, the great bamboo, prostrate upon the ground, while all around him lay bits of the junk over which he had reared his haughty head.

"Alas! my poor friend!" she cried. "What a sad fate is yours! Would that I could aid you!"

"No one can help me," he replied with a moan. "Would that I had been made into a common coolie pole with which to push a country junk! Then might I have been useful for many years! No, my heart is broken, Silver Mist. Farewell."

He gave a long shuddering sigh and spoke no more. Soon some men, who came to clear up the wreckage, chopped the mast up for firewood; and that was the end of the boastful bamboo.

THE PRINCESS MOONBEAM[1]

From Roulet's "Japanese Folk Stories and Fairy Tales"

A woodman once dwelt with his wife at the edge of the forest, under the shadow of the Honorable Mountain. The two were industrious and good, but though they loved each other they were not happy. No children had come to bless them and this the wife mourned deeply.

The husband pitied her and treated her very kindly,

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yet still she was sad. As she gazed upon the snows of Fujiyama her heart swelled within her and she prostrated herself and said, "Fuji no yama, Honorable Mountain, my heart is heavy because no childish arms encircle my neck, no little head nestles in my bosom. From thy eternal purity send some little white soul to comfort me!"

The Honorable Mountain spoke not; yet as she prayed, lo, from its heights there sparkled and glowed a tiny light. Fitful and gleaming it seemed, yet it had a silver radiance as of the moon.

The woodman's wife beheld it, and she called to her husband eagerly, "Come hither, I pray you. See the strange light which comes from Fuji San. I seem to see a face smiling at me. It is the face of a little child!"

Then her husband smiled at her fancy, but, because he loved her, he said indulgently, "I will go and see what it is."

"I thank you, my lord; go quickly!" she replied.

So quickly he went to the forest, and as he neared a mountain stream, with Fuji gleaming cold and white in the moonlight, he saw the strange light, which seemed to hover and rest upon the branches of a tall bamboo. Hastening thither he found there a moon child, a tiny, fragile, fairy thing, more beautiful than any child he had ever seen.

"Little creature," he said. "Who are you?"

"My name is Princess Moonbeam," she answered sweetly. "My mother is the Moon Lady, and she has sent me to Earth because every moon child must do some good thing, else will its silvery light become pale and wan and be of no avail."

"Little Princess," he said eagerly, "the best of

good deeds is to comfort a sad heart. Come home with me and be a child to my wife, who weeps for children. Thus will your beams grow bright."

"I will go with you," said the little Moonbeam, and, rejoicing greatly, he bore her tenderly to his wife.

"I bring you a treasure," he said. "The Moon Lady sends you this beam of light to lighten your sad heart."

Then was his wife much overjoyed, and she took the little creature to her bosom and cared for her.

Lovelier grew the Moon Child every year and much she rejoiced the hearts of her foster parents. Her hair was like a golden aureole about her face. Her eyes were deep and tender, her cheeks were pale and delicate, and about her there was a subtle and unearthly charm. Every one loved her, even the emperor's son, who, hunting in the forest, saw her lighting up the humble cottage with her heavenly light. He loved her dearly and she loved him, but alas! she could not marry him because her life upon earth could be but twenty years. Then she must return to her home in the moon, for so willed her mother the Moon Lady.

At last the day came when she must go. Her parents wept, and could not be consoled; and her lover, who was now the Emperor, could not keep her, although he besought High Heaven to spare her.

Her mother caught her up in a silver moonbeam; and all the way to the moon the little Princess wept silvery tears. As the tears fell from her eyes, lo! they took wings and floated away, looking for the form of her beloved, the Emperor, who might see her no more.

But the silver-bright tears are seen to this day floating hither and yon about the vales and marshes of fair Nippon. The children chase them with happy cries, and say, "See the fireflies! How fair they are! Whence came they?"

Then their mothers relate to them the legend and say, "These are the tears of the little Princess, flitting to seek her beloved"; and over all, calm and eternal, smiles the Honorable Mountain.

THE MIRROR OF MATSUYAMA

Told by a Teacher in Japan

Once long, ago in Matsuyama, there lived a father and mother and little girl. They were very happy, for they loved each other dearly.

One day a very exciting thing happened, when the father came home with the news that the Emperor had sent for him to come to Tokio. The little girl was very glad, because she knew her father would have such interesting things to tell when he came back, and perhaps he would bring her some presents, too. The mother was very proud, because no one had ever been sent for by the Emperor before, and the father was proud too; only he knew how long he would be gone, for there were no trains, and he had no horse, so he must walk all the way there and back.

At last the day came when the father was to set out, and the mother took the little girl by the hand, and the three of them walked through the village till they came to the path which led up the mountain. They said "Good-bye" and the mother and little girl

stood and watched the father till he disappeared up the mountain; then they did just what mothers and little girls have always done, they went home and began to count on their fingers the days before his return.

At last the days ran away, the very day came when the father was expected, and hand in hand the mother and little girl went to the foot of the mountain where they had said good-bye and waited. By-and-by they caught a glimpse of some one coming through the trees of the forest, and, sure enough, there was the father.

Oh! how glad the little girl was to see him again, and how happy the mother was to have her husband again! The father brought some presents for the little girl, — a slant-eyed dolly, and a queer little canton-flannel monkey that ran up and down a pole when you pulled a string, and, last of all, something which they called a dragon-fly. It did n't look like a dragon-fly, but when you twisted it in your fingers, it spread its wings and flew away like a real dragon-fly.

As soon as the little girl had looked at all her presents and heard of the wonderful things her father had seen, she ran away to play.

When they were alone, the father took out a white box and handed it to his wife. "Here is a present for you, my dear," he said.

His wife opened the box and looked in. There was a round shining silver thing, with beautiful carved fruit and flowers on it, and when she turned it over, it was smooth and shining like a pool of water.

She leaned over to look at it more closely and she exclaimed, "Oh! what a beautiful picture." Then her eyes grew large with wonder. "How strange,"

she cried, "her dress is blue like mine, and her eyes are like mine; and when I talk she seems to be talking too!"

Then her husband laughed. "That's a mirror," he said. "All the ladies in Tokio have them, and that is yourself you are looking at."

She took the box to her room, and put it away, but ever she found herself going to it, and looking in, for she loved to see how her eyes shone and how red her lips were.

One day she said to herself, "Why should I look so much at myself? Surely I'm no more beautiful than many other women. I will put the mirror away and look at it only once every year to see if my face is full of as much joy as it has been."

So she put the mirror away, and only once in the year did she open the box and look at her face.

The years passed by, and the little girl grew from a girl to a woman and put away her toys and her dolls. As she grew older, she grew every day to look more and more like her mother, until, when she was a woman, she was the very image of her mother.

Finally, a great sadness came into the home. The mother was taken ill, and though the father and daughter did all they could, they could not bring health to her again. One day she called to her daughter and said, "My dear, I know I am soon going to take the long journey from whence none ever return. I want you to have something which will always remind you of me. Go now and bring the white box from my room, and look in."

The daughter went and found the white box, and when she opened it and looked in, as her mother had

done so long before, she cried out, "Oh, mother! Why, mother, it 's you! Not tired and sick as you are now, but young and beautiful as I remember you, when I was a little girl!" And her mother said, "Yes, that is my face. I want you to open the box and look at my face when I am gone, twice every day. Be sure and bring only smiles, then I will smile back at you, but if you bring tears, then you will see only tears and sadness in my face."

When the mother had gone, never to return, the daughter remembered her words.

Twice every day, once when the sky was pink with the rising sun, and once when it set red in the west, she opened the box and looked at the face of her mother. And always she tried to bring nothing but smiles when she opened the box, so her mother's face would smile back at her.

The version as given in Ozaki's "Japanese Fairy Book" and in Ballard's "Fairy Tales from Far Japan" has an added incident of a stepmother which is not given in the text here. It was not told to the author by the teacher who gave the version just quoted, and it seems likely that it may have been added in some recitals as the incident of the ogre-mother is given in some versions of the "Sleeping Beauty."

The dramatic climax for the story teller certainly is the death of the mother, and the

influence of the mirror in the life of the daughter, as in the text here given.

THE OLD MAN WHO BROUGHT WITHERED TREES TO LIFE[1]

From Lord's "The Touch of Nature"

Long, long ago, the Japanese story teller says, a good old man and his wife bought a dog. They had no children, poor old people, so they lavished all their attentions on the dog. The old lady used to say roguishly to her more fortunate neighbors, "I think I can see how people get fond of children if they can't have a dog." The dog got all the dainty bits from their table, and of course he grew as fond of his owners as they were of him. One day they noticed the dog was making a terrible fuss in the little garden behind the house, throwing up the dirt with his paws, and working away for dear life, stopping now and then to bark, and then going at the hole he had made in the ground with fresh vigor and a great wagging of his tail. They thought he must be after some animal, perhaps a mischievous rat which had been raiding their pantry; so they ran out to help him with hoe and spade. What was their surprise and delight when just a few feet below ground they came across a great chest full of gold and silver and all sorts of precious things. Out of it they gave generous gifts to the poor, and with what was left they bought some fine rice-fields, and soon became very rich.

Now in the very next house on the same road there

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lived a bad old man and his wife; and as soon as they heard the cause of their neighbors' good luck, they borrowed the dog, and after giving him a great feast, led him into their garden by a string; but although they patted and petted him, he never offered to dig anywhere, and not a bark or a wag of the tail could they get out of him. He kept his tail between his legs, and made frantic efforts to get away and run back home. Then the old man got angry and beat the dog, who, when he was led around the garden once more, stopped by a bush and began to sniff. The old couple thought treasure must surely be hidden there, and began to dig; but all they found was an old bone. Then they killed the dog and buried him under a pine-tree.

Well, the days went on, and the dog did not come home; and by-and-by the wicked old man had to tell what had happened. Then the dog's master went to the grave and strewed flowers on it, and burned incense over it, and set a tray full of food near it for the dog's spirit to take on his journey to the spirit land, where all good dogs go when they die, and went home feeling very lonely and sad; for he loved the dog and missed him.

That night the dog appeared to him in a dream and told him to cut down the pine-tree and make from the trunk near the roots a mortar and pestle, and to think of them as if they were his lost pet. Now of course the wicked old man, having killed the dog, did not dare to refuse the request of his neighbor; so the tree was cut down, and the mortar and pestle made.

It turned out to be a wonderful mortar; for whenever the good old man ground his rice in it, the rice

was changed into jewels. Then the neighbors came to borrow the mortar; now of course it was foolish to lend it to them, after what had happened to the dog. But the old man was perfectly willing that every one should share in his good fortune. No sooner did the bad-hearted neighbors put rice into the mortar, however, than the rice became dirt. In a rage they threw mortar and pestle into the fire and burned them up.

The simple-souled old owner of the mortar wondered why it was not returned, until one night the dog again appeared in a dream, and after revealing the meanness and treachery of the old couple next door, told the good old man to gather up the ashes of the mortar, for they were very precious. Just a pinch of them thrown in the air among the branches of a withered tree would cause it to revive and break out into full blossom. So the old man, grieving over the loss of his treasure, ran to his neighbors' house and asked for the ashes, which they gave him willingly, congratulating themselves that they had escaped punishment, and laughing at the old man's foolishness.

When the old man got home, he climbed up into a withered cherry-tree in his garden and threw a pinch of the precious ashes into the air. Sure enough, every twig broke out into blossom, and the air was sweet with their fragrance. Then, taking the ashes, the old man, intent on giving pleasure to other people also, journeyed through the country, and everywhere he went the withered cherry-trees and plum-trees and peach-trees blossomed as no trees ever blossomed before; and all the land was filled with light and color. News of the marvel soon reached the prince, who sent for the old man, and after witnessing in the palace

gardens an exhibition of his skill, gave him a present of fine silks and thanked him heartily for so beautifying the land.

Now the bad neighbor, who had not cared at all about what his old acquaintance had been doing before, the moment he heard of the prince's reward, gathered up some of the ashes of the mortar that remained where it had been burnt, and hastening to the castle town, proclaimed that he also could bring dead trees to life. But when he climbed up in a dead plum-tree and threw the ashes into the air, not a blossom appeared; but the ashes flew into the prince's eyes. Then the servants seized the old man and beat him and threw him out of the palace garden.

So the dog brought joy to his friends, confusion to his foes, and beauty to the whole country-side.

THE STONE-CUTTER[1]

From Lang's "Crimson Fairy Book"

Once upon a time there lived a stone-cutter who went every day to a great rock in the side of a big mountain and cut out slabs for gravestones or for houses. He understood very well the kinds of stones wanted for the different purposes, and as he was a careful workman he had plenty of customers. For a long time he was quite happy and contented, and asked for nothing better than what he had.

Now in the mountains dwelt a spirit which now and then appeared to men, and helped them in many ways to become rich and prosperous. The stone-cutter, however, had never seen this spirit, and only shook his head, with an unbelieving air, when any-

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one spoke of it. But a time was coming when he learned to change his opinion.

One day the stone-cutter carried a gravestone to the house of a rich man, and saw there all sorts of beautiful things, of which he had never even dreamed. Suddenly his daily work seemed to grow harder and heavier, and he said to himself, "Oh, if I were only a rich man, and could sleep in a bed with silken curtains and golden tassels, how happy I should be!"

And a voice answered him, "Your wish is heard; a rich man you shall be!"

At the sound of the voice the stone-cutter looked round, but could see nobody. He thought it was all his fancy, and picked up his tools and went home, for he did not feel inclined to do any more work that day. But when he reached the little house where he lived, he stood still with amazement; for instead of his wooden hut was a stately palace filled with splendid furniture, and most splendid of all was the bed, in every respect like the one he had envied. He was nearly beside himself with joy, and in his new life the old one was soon forgotten.

It was now the beginning of summer, and each day the sun blazed more fiercely. One morning the heat was so great that the stone-cutter could scarcely breathe, and he determined he would stop at home till the evening. He was rather dull, for he had never learned how to amuse himself, and was peeping through the closed blinds to see what was going on in the street, when a little carriage passed by, drawn by servants dressed in blue and silver. In the carriage sat a prince, and over his head a golden umbrella was held, to protect him from the sun's rays.

"Oh, if I were only a prince!" said the stone-

cutter to himself, as the carriage vanished around the corner. "Oh, if I were only a prince, and could go in such a carriage and have a golden umbrella held over me, how happy I should be!"

And the voice of the mountain spirit answered, "Your wish is heard; a prince you shall be."

And a prince he was. Before his carriage rode one company of men and another behind it; servants dressed in scarlet and gold bore him along; the coveted umbrella was held over his head; everything heart could desire was his. But yet it was not enough. He looked round still for something to wish for, and when he saw that in spite of the water he poured on his grass the rays of the sun scorched it, and that in spite of the umbrella held over his head each day his face grew browner and browner, he cried in his anger, "The sun is mightier than I; oh, if I were only the sun!"

And the mountain spirit answered, "Your wish is heard; the sun you shall be."

And the sun he was, and he felt himself proud in his power. He shot his beams above and below, on earth and in heaven; and he burnt up the grass in the fields and scorched the faces of princes as well as of poorer folk. But in a short time he began to grow tired of his might, for there seemed nothing left for him to do. Discontent once more filled his soul, and when a cloud covered his face, and hid the earth from him, he cried in his anger, "Does the cloud hold captive my rays, and is it mightier than I? Oh, that I were a cloud and mightier than any!"

And the mountain spirit answered: "Your wish is heard; a cloud you shall be!"

And a cloud he was, and lay between the sun and

the earth. He caught the sun's beams and held them, and to his joy the earth grew green again and flowers blossomed. But that was not enough for him, and for days and weeks he poured forth rain till the rivers overflowed their banks and the crops of rice stood in water. Towns and villages were destroyed by the power of the rain, only the great rock on the mountain side remained unmoved. The cloud was amazed at the sight, and cried in wonder, "Is the rock, then, mightier than I? Oh, if I were only the rock!"

And the mountain spirit answered: "Your wish is heard; the rock you shall be!"

And the rock he was, and gloried in his power. Proudly he stood, and neither the heat of the sun nor the force of the rain could move him. "This is better than all!" he said to himself. But one day he heard a strange noise at his feet, and when he looked down to see what it could be, he saw a stone-cutter driving tools into his surface. Even while he looked a trembling feeling ran all through him, and a great block broke off and fell upon the ground. Then he cried in his wrath, "Is a mere child of earth mightier than a rock? Oh, if I were only a man!"

And the mountain spirit answered: "Your wish is heard. A man once more you shall be!"

And a man he was, and in the sweat of his brow he toiled again at his trade of stone-cutting. His bed was hard and his food scanty, but he had learned to be satisfied with it, and did not long to be something or somebody else. And as he never asked for things he had not got, or desired to be greater or mightier than other people, he was happy at last, and heard the voice of the mountain spirit no longer.

A PROGRAM OF SPRING STORIES

What Was Her Name?
The Woodpecker
How the Robin's Breast Became Red
Little Ida's Flowers
Old Pipes and the Dryad
The Monk and the Bird

WHAT WAS HER NAME?[1]

From Richards' "Five Minute Stories"

"Wake up!" said an old gentleman, dressed in brown and white, as he gently shook the shoulder of a young lady in green, who was lying sound asleep under the trees. "Wake up, ma'am! it is your watch now, and time for me to take myself off." The young lady stirred a very little, and opened one of her eyes the least little bit. "Who are you?" she said drowsily. "What is your name?"

"My name is Winter," replied the old man. "What is yours?"

"I have not the faintest idea," said the lady, closing her eyes again.

"Humph!" growled the old man, "a pretty person you are to take my place! Well, good-day, Madam Sleepyhead, and good luck to you!"

And off he stumped over the dead leaves, which crackled and rustled beneath his feet. As soon as he was gone, the young lady in green opened her eyes in good earnest and looked about her. "Madam Sleepyhead, indeed!" she reëchoed indignantly. "I

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am sure that is not my name, anyhow. The question is, What is it?"

She looked about her again, but nothing was to be seen save the bare branches of the trees, and the dead, brown leaves and dry moss underfoot.

"Trees, do you happen to know what my name is?" she asked. The trees shook their heads. "No, ma'am," they said, "we do not know; but perhaps when the Wind comes, he will be able to give you some information." The girl shivered a little, and drew her green mantle about her and waited.

By-and-by the Wind came blustering along. He caught the trees by their branches, and shook them in rough friendly greeting.

"Well, boys!" he shouted, "Old Winter is gone, is he? I wish you joy of his departure! But where is the lady who was coming to take his place?"

"She is here," answered the trees, "sitting on the ground; but she does not know her own name, which seems to trouble her."

"Ho! ho!" roared the Wind. "Not know her own name? That is news, indeed! And here she has been sleeping, while all the world has been looking for her, and calling her, and wondering where upon earth she was. Come, young lady," he added, addressing the girl with rough courtesy, "I will show you the way to your dressing-room, which has been ready and waiting for you for a fortnight and more."

So he led the way through the forest, and the girl followed, rubbing her pretty, sleepy eyes, and dragging her mantle behind her.

Now it was a very singular thing that whatever the green mantle touched instantly turned green itself. The brown moss put out little tufts of emerald velvet;

fresh shoots came pushing up from the dead, dry grass; and even the shrubs and twigs against which the edges of the garment brushed broke out with tiny swelling buds, all ready to open into leaves.

By-and-by the Wind paused and pushed aside the branches, which made a close screen before him.

"Here is your dressing-room, young madam," he said, with a low bow; "be pleased to enter it, and you will find all things in readiness. But let me entreat you to make your toilet speedily, for all the world is waiting for you."

Greatly wondering, the young girl passed through the screen of branches, and found herself in a most marvellous place.

The ground was carpeted with pine-needles, soft and thick and brown. The pine-trees made a dense green wall around, and as the wind passed softly through the boughs, the air was sweet with their spicy fragrance. On the ground were piled great heaps of buds, all ready to blossom, — violets, anemones, hepaticas, blood-root, — while from under a huge pile of brown leaves peeped the pale pink buds of the Mayflower.

The young girl in the green mantle looked wonderingly at all these things. "How strange!" she said. "They are all asleep, and waiting for someone to waken them. Perhaps if I do it, they will tell me in return what my name is."

She shook the buds lightly, and lo! every blossom opened its eyes and raised its head, and said, "Welcome, gracious lady! Welcome! We have looked for you long, long!"

The young girl, in delight, took the lovely blossoms, rosy and purple, golden and white, and twined

them in her fair locks, and hung them in garlands round her white neck; and still they were opening by thousands, till the pine-tree hollow was filled with them.

Presently the girl spied a beautiful carved casket, which had been hidden under a pile of spicy leaves, and from inside of it came a rustling sound, the softest sound that was ever heard.

She lifted the lid, and out flew a cloud of butterflies. Rainbow-tinted, softly, glitteringly, gayly fluttering, out they flew by thousands and thousands, and hovered about the maiden's head; and the soft sound of their wings, which mortal ears are too dull to hear, seemed to say, "Welcome! Welcome!"

At the same moment a great flock of beautiful birds came flying, and lighted on the branches all around, and they, too, sang, "Welcome! Welcome!"

The maiden clasped her hands and cried, "Why are you all so glad to see me? I feel — I know — that you are all mine, and I am yours; but how is it? Who am I? What is my name?"

And buds and flowers and rainbow-hued butterflies and sombre pine-trees all answered in joyous chorus, "Spring! the beautiful, the long expected! Hail to the maiden Spring!"

THE WOODPECKER

From an Old Legend

Once upon a time, longer than long ago, when the good St. Peter walked about the earth looking to see how men lived, he came one day to the door of a cottage where an old woman was baking cakes.

She was neat and tidy, with a red cap on her head, a black silk dress, and a white apron which she tied behind in a great white bow.

She was baking spice cakes, with raisins and currants in them, and they smelled wonderfully good as St. Peter stopped at the door and asked for something to eat.

"Madam," he said, "I have travelled far and am tired and hungry. Will you give me one of the cakes you are baking?"

The old woman looked at the stranger and then at her cakes, but she had lived so long by herself she had grown selfish, and she thought to herself, "They are all too large to give away; I'll bake a small one for him."

So she took a little dough in the spoon and dropped it into the pan, and put the pan in the oven; but when she opened the door and took out the pan, the cake was as large as any she had baked. She took it out and put it on the table with the others, and this time she took just a teaspoonful of dough and put it in the pan to bake.

When she opened the oven door and looked in, the strangest thing had happened! The cake had grown till it was larger than any of the cakes she had. She could n't part with such a cake, so she put it on the table with her others. Then she took just a teeny-weeny bit of dough about as big as a pin-head and put it in the pan to bake. When she pulled out the pan and looked at the cake, it was strange beyond anything that ever happened! That teeny-weeny bit of dough had grown to be a cake three times as large as any she had.

When she saw what had happened she could n't

make up her mind to part with it, and she put it away and took out an old dry piece of bread and gave that to St. Peter.

The good St. Peter took the bread and ate it, and turning to the old woman he said, "I have no money to pay for what you have given me, but the first thing you wish, when I 'm gone, that shall you have," and with that he turned and walked away from the cottage door.

He looked so old and feeble as he walked away, that the old woman began to be sorry she had given him nothing but the dry bread.

"I wish I were a bird," she said, "then I 'd fly after him and take him a cake, for they do smell good."

The words were no sooner out of her mouth than a change took place. When the old lady looked down at her hands they had changed to wings, her feet had become claws, and as she glanced at herself in the glass she saw herself a bird. She still had her red cap on her head, her white apron with the bow behind, and the black dress, but bird she was. Then along came the wind, and lifted her up as she stood in the open door, and carried her away over the tops of the houses and out to the woods, and there dropped her to the branch of a tree.

Any one can see her climbing up and down the trees looking for something to eat; and when they see her, people say, "Oh, there 's a red-headed woodpecker!" But we know it 's only the little old woman always looking for something to eat.

HOW THE ROBIN'S BREAST BECAME RED[1]

FROM COOKE'S "NATURE MYTHS AND STORIES"

LONG ago in the far North, where it is very cold, there was only one fire.

A hunter and his little son took care of this fire and kept it burning day and night. They knew that if the fire went out the people would freeze and the white bear would have the Northland all to himself. One day the hunter became ill and his son had the work to do.

For many days and nights he bravely took care of his father and kept the fire burning.

The white bear was always hiding near, watching the fire. He longed to put it out, but he did not dare for he feared the hunter's arrows.

When he saw how tired and sleepy the little boy was, he came closer to the fire and laughed to himself.

One night the poor boy could endure the fatigue no longer, and fell fast asleep.

The white bear ran as fast as he could and jumped upon the fire with his wet feet, and rolled upon it. At last, he thought it was all out and went happily away to his cave.

A gray robin was flying near and saw what the white bear was doing.

She waited until the bear went away. Then she flew down and searched with her sharp little eyes until she found a tiny live coal. This she fanned patiently with her wings for a long time.

Her little breast was scorched red, but she did

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not stop until a fine red flame blazed up from the ashes.

Then she flew away to every hut in the Northland.

Wherever she touched the ground a fire began to burn.

Soon instead of one little fire the whole north country was lighted up.

The white bear went further back into his cave in the iceberg and growled terribly.

He knew that there was now no hope that he would ever have the Northland all to himself.

This is the reason that the people in the north country love the robin, and are never tired of telling their children how its breast became red.

LITTLE IDA'S FLOWERS[1]

FROM ANDERSEN'S "FAIRY TALES"

"My poor flowers are quite dead!" said little Ida. "They were so beautiful last night, and now all the leaves are hanging down quite faded! Why are they doing that?" she asked the student, who sat on the sofa. She was very fond of him; he could tell the most beautiful stories and cut out the funniest pictures, such as hearts with little damsels who danced, and flowers, and large castles with doors that could be opened; he was indeed a merry student!

"Why do the flowers look so poorly to-day?" she asked again, and showed him a whole bouquet which was entirely faded.

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"Don't you know what 's the matter with them?" said the student. "The flowers were at a ball last night, and that 's why they hang their heads!"

"But flowers cannot dance!" said little Ida.

"Oh, yes," said the student, "when it is dark and we are asleep, they run about quite merrily; almost every night they hold a ball!"

"Can't children go to these balls?"

"Yes," said the student, "as tiny daisies and lilies of the valley."

"Where do the prettiest flowers dance?" asked little Ida.

"Have n't you often been outside the gate of the great palace, where the king lives in summer, and where there is a beautiful garden with many flowers? You have seen the swans, which swim toward you when you want to give them bread crumbs. They hold real balls out there, I can tell you!"

"I was there in the garden, yesterday, with my mother," said Ida; "but all the leaves had fallen off the trees, and there were no flowers at all! Where are they? Last summer I saw so many!"

"They are in the palace," said the student. "You must know that as soon as ever the king and all the court move into the town, the flowers at once run away from the garden up to the palace and make merry. You ought to see that! Two most beautiful roses take a seat on the throne, and then they are king and queen. All the red cockscombs range themselves by their side and stand bowing; they are the chamberlains. Then all sorts of lovely flowers arrive, and then they have a great ball; the blue violets represent little midshipmen, and dance with hyacinths and crocuses, whom they call young ladies.

The tulips and the large tiger-lilies are the old ladies; they see that the dancing is done well and that everything is properly conducted!"

"But," asked little Ida, "does n't any one do anything to the flowers for dancing in the king's palace?"

"There is no one who really knows anything about that," said the student. "Sometimes the old keeper who looks after the palace out there, comes round at night; but he has a large bunch of keys, and as soon as the flowers hear the keys rattle, they are quite quiet and hide themselves behind the long curtains and peep out.

"'I can smell that there are some flowers in here!' says the keeper, but he cannot see them."

"That 's great fun," said little Ida, clapping her hands. "But should n't I be able to see the flowers either?"

"Yes," said the student, "just remember when you go there again to peep in through the window, and you are sure to see them. I did so to-day, and there lay a long yellow daffodil on the sofa, stretching herself and imagining herself to be one of the ladies of the court!"

"Can the flowers in the Botanical Gardens also go there? Can they go such a long way?"

"Yes, of course!" said the student, "for they can fly if they like. Have n't you seen the beautiful butterflies, red, yellow, and white? They almost look like flowers, and that is what they once were. They have flown from the stalks right up into the air, flapping with their leaves as if they were little wings. And as they behaved well, they were allowed to fly about in the daytime also, and were not obliged to

remain at home and sit still on the stalk, and so the leaves became real wings at last. You have seen that yourself! It may be, however, that the flowers in the Botanical Gardens have never been to the king's palace, and do not know that they have such a merry time at night out there. I will therefore tell you something which will greatly surprise the botanical professor who lives next door — you know him, don't you? When you go into his garden, you must tell one of the flowers that there is going to be a great ball at the palace, and he again will tell it to all the others, and then they will all fly off. When the professor comes into the garden there will not be a single flower left, and he will not be able to make out what has become of them."

"But how can the flowers tell it to the others? The flowers cannot talk!"

"That's true!" answered the student, "but they make signs to one another. Haven't you seen when the wind blows a little that the flowers nod to one another and move all their green leaves? They understand it as plainly as if they spoke!"

"Can the professor understand their language?" asked Ida.

"Yes, of course! He came down into his garden one morning and saw a big nettle making signs with its leaves to a beautiful red carnation; it said, 'You are so lovely, and I am so fond of you!' The professor does not like such things going on, so he gave the nettle a slap across its leaves, for they are its fingers, you know; but he stung himself, and since then he never dares to touch a nettle."

"How funny!" said little Ida with a laugh.

"What ideas to put into the child's head!" re-

marked the tiresome counsellor, who had come on a visit and was sitting on the sofa. He did not like the student, and was always grumbling when he saw him cutting out the funny, comic pictures; sometimes a man hanging on a gallows and holding a heart in his hand, — for he had been a destroyer of hearts, — sometimes an old witch riding on a broom and carrying her husband on her nose. The counsellor did not like that, and so he would say as he had done just now: "What ideas to put into the child's head! It is pure imagination!"

But it seemed to little Ida that what the student had told her about her flowers was very amusing, and she thought a great deal about it. The flowers hung their heads, because they were tired of dancing all the night; they must be poorly. So she carried them with her to a nice little table where she kept all her toys, and the whole drawer was full of pretty things. In the doll's bed lay her doll Sophia, asleep, but little Ida said to her: "You must really get up, Sophia, and be content with lying in the drawer tonight; the poor flowers are poorly and they must lie in your bed; perhaps they will then get well again!" And so she took the doll, who looked very cross but did not say a single word, because she was angry at not being allowed to keep her bed.

Ida put the flowers in the doll's bed, pulled the little quilt over them, and said they must lie quiet and she would make tea for them, so that they might get well again and be able to get up in the morning. She then drew the curtains closely round the little bed, so that the sun should not shine in their eyes.

The whole evening she could not help thinking about what the student had told her, and when she

had to go to bed herself, she felt she must first go behind the curtains which hung before the windows where her mother's lovely flowers were standing, both hyacinths and tulips, and then she whispered quite softly, "I know you are going to a ball to-night!" but the flowers appeared as if they understood nothing and did not move a leaf, but little Ida knew — what she knew.

When she had got into bed she lay for a long time thinking how nice it would be to see the beautiful flowers dance at the king's palace.

"I wonder if my flowers really have been there!" And so she fell asleep. In the course of the night she awoke; she had been dreaming about the flowers and the student, whom the counsellor used to scold for putting silly ideas into her head. It was quite quiet in the bedroom where Ida was lying; the night-lamp was burning on the table and her father and mother were asleep.

"I wonder if my flowers are now lying in Sophia's bed," she said to herself; "how I should like to know!" She raised herself a little and looked toward the door, which was half open; in there lay the flowers and her toys. She listened, and it appeared to her as if she heard someone playing the piano in the next room, very softly, and more beautifully than she had ever heard it before.

"I expect all my flowers are now dancing in there!" she said, "how I should like to see them!" But she dared not get up for fear of waking her father and mother. "If they would only come in here," she said; but the flowers did not come, and the music continued to play so beautifully that she could not resist it any longer,— it was too en-

trancing,— so she crept out of her little bed and went quite softly to the door and looked into the room. Oh, what an amusing scene met her sight!

There was no night-lamp in there, but still it was quite light; the moon was shining through the window right into the middle of the room! It was almost as light as day. All the hyacinths and tulips were standing in two long rows along the floor; there were none at all in the window, where only empty pots were to be seen. Down on the floor the flowers were dancing most gracefully round and round, doing the chain quite correctly and holding each other by their long green leaves as they swung round. And over at the piano sat a large yellow lily whom little Ida was sure she had seen last summer, for she remembered so well that the student had said: "How she is like Miss Lina!" but they all laughed at him then. But now Ida really thought that the long yellow flower was like Miss Lina, and had just the same manners when playing, putting her large yellow head first on one side and then on the other, and nodding it to keep time with the music. No one noticed little Ida. She then saw a large blue crocus jump right into the middle of the table, where the toys were standing, and walk straight up to the doll's bed and pull aside the curtains; there lay the sick flowers, but they got up directly and nodded their heads to the others to show that they also wanted to join in the dance. The old incense-burner with the broken under-lip stood up and bowed to the pretty flowers; they did not appear at all ill, they jumped down among the others and looked so pleased!

Just then it seemed as if something fell down from

the table. Ida looked that way; it was the Shrovetide rod, which had jumped down; it thought it also belonged to the flowers. It was really very pretty; at the top sat a little wax doll, which had just the same kind of broad hat on her head as the counsellor wore; the Shrovetide rod and its three red wooden legs jumped right into the midst of the flowers and stamped quite loudly; it was dancing the mazurka, and this the other flowers could not dance because they were too light and could not stamp.

All at once the wax doll on the rod began to grow bigger and bigger, whirled round above the paper flowers, and called out quite loudly: "What ideas to put into the child's head! It is pure imagination!" And then the wax doll looked exactly like the counsellor with the broad hat, and was just as yellow and cross as he, but the paper flowers struck him across his thin legs; and he shrank and shrank till he became a little wee bit of a wax doll again. He looked so very funny, little Ida could not help laughing. The Shrovetide rod went on dancing and the counsellor had to dance as well; there was no help for it, he had to dance whether he made himself big and long, or became the little yellow wax doll with the big black hat. Then the other flowers interceded for him, especially those that had been in the doll's bed, and at last the Shrovetide rod stopped dancing.

At that moment there was a loud knocking in the drawer where Ida's doll, Sophia, lay among the other toys; the incense-burner ran to the edge of the table, laid himself flat down upon his stomach and managed to get the drawer pulled out a little; whereupon Sophia sat up and looked quite surprised.

"There's a ball here!" she said; "why has n't anyone told me?"

"Will you dance with me?" asked the incense-burner.

"You are a nice one to dance with, I'm sure!" she said, and turned her back upon him. So she sat down on the drawer and thought that one of the flowers would be sure to come and engage her, but no one came; then she coughed, hem! hem! hem! but no one came for all that. The incense-burner danced all by himself, and he did n't do it at all badly!

As none of the flowers seemed to notice Sophia, she let herself fall with a thump from the drawer right down on the floor, and caused quite a commotion; all the flowers came running round her asking if she had hurt herself, and they were all so nice to her, especially the flowers that had been lying in her bed. But she had not hurt herself at all, and all Ida's flowers thanked her for her beautiful bed, and said they loved her very much; they led her into the middle of the floor, where the moon was shining, and danced with her, while the other flowers formed a circle round them. Sophia was now very pleased and said they might keep her bed; she did not at all mind lying in the drawer.

But the flowers said: "We are very much obliged to you, but we cannot live very long! To-morrow we shall be quite dead, but tell little Ida she must bury us in the garden where the canary bird is lying; then we shall grow up again in the summer and be prettier than ever!"

"No, you must not die!" said Sophia, and then she kissed the flowers.

Just then the door of the next room flew open, and a lot of beautiful flowers came dancing in. Ida could not make out where they came from; they must be all the flowers from the king's palace. First of all came two lovely roses, with their little golden crowns; they were the king and the queen. Then came the most beautiful stocks and carnations, bowing on all sides; they had brought music with them. Large poppies and peonies were blowing pea-shells till they were quite red in the face. The bluebells and the little white snowdrops tinkled as if they had bells on. The music was very funny! Then there came many other flowers, and they all danced; the blue violets and the red heartseases, the daisies and the lilies of the valley. And all the flowers kissed one another; it was such a pretty sight!

At last the flowers said good-night to each other, and little Ida stole back to her bed, where she dreamed of all that she had seen.

When she got up next morning, she went at once to the little table to see if the flowers were still there. She pulled aside the curtains of the little bed, and there they all lay, but they were quite faded, more so than they were the day before. Sophia lay in the drawer, where she had put her; she looked very sleepy.

"Can you remember what you were to tell me?" said little Ida, but Sophia looked very stupid, and did not say a single word.

"You are not at all kind," said Ida; "and yet they all danced with you." So she took a little card-board box, on which were painted beautiful birds; she opened it and put the dead flowers into it.

"That will make a pretty coffin for you!" she said, "and when my Norwegian cousins come here, they shall help me to bury you in the garden, so that you can grow up next summer and be prettier than ever!"

Her Norwegian cousins were two fine boys, whose names were Jonas and Adolph; their father had given them each a new cross-bow, and they had brought these with them to show Ida. She told them about the poor flowers that were dead, and they were allowed to bury them. Both the boys went first with their cross-bows on their shoulders, and little Ida followed behind with the dead flowers in the beautiful box. A little grave was dug in the garden. Ida first kissed the flowers and then laid them in the box in the grave, while Adolph and Jonas shot with their cross-bows over it, for they had neither guns nor cannons.

OLD PIPES AND THE DRYAD[1]

From Stockton's "The Bee-Man of Orn"

[A mountain brook ran through a little village. Over the brook there was a narrow bridge, and from the bridge a footpath led out from the village and up the hill-side, to the cottage of Old Pipes and his mother.]

For many, many years Old Pipes had been employed by the villagers to pipe the cattle down from the hills. [Every afternoon, an hour before sunset, he would sit on a rock in front of his cottage and play on his pipes. Then all the flocks and herds

[1] From "The Bee-Man of Orn." Copyright, 1887, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Used by permission.

that were grazing on the mountains would hear him, wherever they might happen to be, and would come down to the village — the cows by the easiest paths, the sheep by those not quite so easy, and the goats by the steep and rocky ways that were hardest of all.]

But now, for a year or more, Old Pipes had not piped the cattle home. It is true that every afternoon he sat upon the rock and played upon his pipes; but the cattle did not hear him. He had grown old, and his breath was feeble. The echoes of his cheerful notes, which used to come from the rocky hill on the other side of the valley, were heard no more; and twenty yards from Old Pipes one could scarcely tell what tune he was playing. He had become somewhat deaf, and did not know that the sound of his pipes was so thin and weak, and that the cattle did not hear him. The cows, the sheep, and the goats came down every afternoon as before; but this was because two boys and a girl were sent up after them. The villagers did not wish the good old man to know that his piping was no longer of any use; so they paid him his little salary every month, and said nothing about the two boys and the girl.

[Old Pipes's mother was, of course, a great deal older than he was, and was as deaf as a gate — posts, latch, hinges, and all — and she never knew that the sound of her son's pipe did not spread over all the mountain-side and echo back strong and clear from the opposite hills. She was very fond of Old Pipes, and proud of his piping; and as he was so much younger than she was, she never thought of him as being very old. She cooked for him, and made his

bed, and mended his clothes; and they lived very comfortably on his little salary.]

One afternoon, at the end of the month, when Old Pipes had finished his piping, he took his stout staff and went down the hill to the village to receive the money for his month's work. The path seemed a great deal steeper and more difficult than it used to be; [and Old Pipes thought that it must have been washed by the rains and greatly damaged. He remembered it as a path that was quite easy to traverse either up or down.] But Old Pipes had been a very active man, and as his mother was so much older than he was, he never thought of himself as aged and infirm.

When the Chief Villager had paid him, [and he had talked a little with some of his friends,] Old Pipes started to go home. But when he had [crossed the bridge over the brook, and] gone a short distance up the hil-side, he became very tired, and sat down upon a stone. He had not been sitting there half a minute, when along came two boys and a girl.

"Children," said Old Pipes, "I 'm very tired to-night, and I don't believe I can climb up this steep path to my home. I think I shall have to ask you to help me."

"We will do that," said the boys and the girl, quite cheerfully; [and one boy took him by the right hand and the other by the left, while the girl pushed him in the back.] In this way he went up the hill quite easily, and soon reached his cottage door. Old Pipes gave each of the three children a copper coin, and then they sat down for a few minutes' rest before starting back to the village.

"I'm sorry that I tired you so much," said Old Pipes.

"Oh, that would not have tired us," said one of the boys, "if we had not been so far to-day after the cows, and the sheep, and the goats. They rambled high up on the mountain, and we never before had such a time in finding them."

"Had to go after the cows, the sheep, and the goats!" exclaimed Old Pipes. "What do you mean by that?"

The girl, who stood behind the old man, shook her head, put her hand on her mouth, and made all sorts of signs to the boy to stop talking on this subject; but he did not notice her, and promptly answered Old Pipes.

"Why, you see, good sir," said he, "that as the cattle can't hear your pipes now, somebody has to go after them every evening to drive them down from the mountain, and the Chief Villager has hired us three to do it. [Generally it is not very hard work, but to-night the cattle had wandered far."]

"How long have you been doing this?" asked the old man.

[The girl shook her head and clapped her hand on her mouth as before, but the boy went on.]

"I think it is about a year now," he said, "since the people first felt sure that the cattle could not hear your pipes; [and from that time we've been driving them down. But we are rested now, and will go home.] Good-night, sir."

The three children then went down the hill, [the girl scolding the boy all the way home.] Old Pipes [stood silent a few moments, and then he] went into his cottage.

"Mother," he shouted, "did you hear what those children said?"

"Children!" exclaimed the old woman; "I did not hear them. I did not know there were any children here."

Then Old Pipes told his mother — shouting very loudly to make her hear [how the two boys and the girl had helped him up the hill, and what he had heard about his piping and the cattle.

"They can't hear you?" cried his mother. "Why, what's the matter with the cattle?"

"Ah, me!" said Old Pipes; "I don't believe there's anything the matter with the cattle. It must be with me and my pipes that there is something the matter. But one thing is certain; if I do not earn the wages the Chief Villager pays me, I shall not take them. I shall go straight down to the village and give back the money I received to-day."]

"Nonsense!" cried his mother. "I'm sure you've piped as well as you could, and no more can be expected. And what are we to do without the money?"

"I don't know," said Old Pipes; "but I'm going down to the village to pay it back."

[The sun had now set; but the moon was shining very brightly on the hill-side, and Old Pipes could see his way very well. He did not take the same path by which he had gone before, but followed another, which led among the trees upon the hill-side, and, though longer, was not so steep.]

When he had gone about half-way, the old man sat down to rest, leaning his back against a great oak-tree. As he did so, he heard a sound like knocking inside the tree, and then a voice said:

"Let me out! let me out!"

Old Pipes instantly forgot that he was tired, and

sprang to his feet. "This must be a Dryad tree!" he exclaimed. "If it is, I'll let her out."

Old Pipes had never, to his knowledge, seen a Dryad tree, but he knew there were such trees on the hill-sides and the mountains, and that Dryads lived in them. He knew, too, that in the summer-time, on those days when the moon rose before the sun went down, a Dryad could come out of her tree if any one could find the key which locked her in, and turn it. Old Pipes closely examined the trunk of the tree, which stood in the full moonlight. "If I see that key," he said, "I shall surely turn it." Before long he found a piece of bark standing out from the tree, which looked to him very much like the handle of a key. He took hold of it, and found he could turn it quite around. As he did so, a large part of the side of the tree was pushed open, and a beautiful Dryad stepped quickly out.

For a moment she stood motionless, gazing on the scene before her [the tranquil valley, the hills, the forest, and the mountain-side, all lying in the soft clear light of the moon.] "Oh, lovely! lovely!" she exclaimed. "How long it is since I have seen anything like this!" And then, turning to Old Pipes, she said: "How good of you to let me out! I am so happy, and so thankful, that I must kiss you, you dear old man!" And she [threw her arms around the neck of Old Pipes, and] kissed him on both cheeks.

"You don't know," she then went on to say, "how doleful it is to be shut up so long in a tree. I don't mind it in the winter, for then I am glad to be sheltered, but in summer it is a rueful thing not to be able to see all the beauties of the world. And

it's ever so long since I've been let out. People so seldom come this way; and when they do come at the right time, they either don't hear me, or they are frightened and run away. But you, you dear old man, you were not frightened, and you looked and looked for the key, and you let me out; [and now I shall not have to go back till winter has come, and the air grows cold. Oh, it is glorious!] What can I do for you, to show you how grateful I am?"

"I am very glad," said Old Pipes, "that I let you out, since I see that it makes you so happy; [but I must admit that I tried to find the key because I had a great desire to see a Dryad.] But, if you wish to do something for me, you can, if you happen to be going down toward the village."

["To the village!" exclaimed the Dryad. "I will go anywhere for you, my kind old benefactor."

"Well, then," said Old Pipes,] "I wish you would take this little bag of money to the Chief Villager and tell him that Old Pipes cannot receive pay for the services which he does not perform. It is now more than a year that I have not been able to make the cattle hear me when I piped to call them home. I did not know this until to-night; but now that I know it, I cannot keep the money, and so I send it back." [And, handing the little bag to the Dryad. he bade her good-night, and turned toward his cottage.]

"Good-night," said the Dryad. "And I thank you over, and over, and over again, you good old man!"

Old Pipes walked toward his home, very glad to be saved the fatigue of going all the way down to the village and back again. ["To be sure," he said to himself, "this path does not seem at all steep.

and I can walk along it very easily; but it would have tired me dreadfully to come up all the way from the village, especially as I could not have expected those children to help me again." When he reached home his mother was surprised to see him returning so soon.

"What!" she exclaimed; "have you already come back? What did the Chief Villager say? Did he take the money?"

Old Pipes was just about to tell her that he had sent the money to the village by a Dryad, when he suddenly reflected that his mother would be sure to disapprove such a proceeding, and so he merely said he had sent it by a person whom he had met.

"And how do you know that the person will ever take it to the Chief Villager?" cried his mother. "You will lose it, and the villagers will never get it. Oh, Pipes! Pipes! when will you be old enough to have ordinary common sense?"

Old Pipes considered that, as he was already seventy years of age, he could scarcely expect to grow any wiser; but he made no remark on this subject, and, saying that he doubted not that the money would go safely to its destination, he sat down to his supper. His mother scolded him roundly, but he did not mind it; and after supper he went out and sat on a rustic chair in front of the cottage to look at the moonlit village, and to wonder whether or not the Chief Villager really received the money. While he was doing these two things, he went fast asleep.]

When Old Pipes left Dryad, she did not go down to the village with the little bag of money. She held it in her hand, and thought about what she had heard. "This is a good and honest old man,"

she said; "and it is a shame that he should lose this money. He looked as if he needed it, and I don't believe the people in the village will take it from one who has served them so long. Often, when in my tree, have I heard the sweet notes of his pipes. I am going to take the money back to him." She did not start immediately, because there were so many beautiful things to look at; but after awhile she went up to the cottage, and, finding Old Pipes asleep in his chair, she slipped the little bag into his coat pocket, and silently sped away.

The next day Old Pipes told his mother that he would go up the mountain and cut some wood. [He had a right to get wood from the mountain, but for a long time he had been content to pick up the dead branches which lay about his cottage. To-day, however, he felt so strong and vigorous that he thought he would go and cut some fuel that would be better than this.] He worked all the morning, and when he came back he did not feel at all tired, and he had a very good appetite for his dinner.

Now, Old Pipes knew a good deal about Dryads; but there was one thing which, although he had heard, he had forgotten. This was, that a kiss from a Dryad made a person ten years younger.

[The people of the village knew this, and they were very careful not to let any child of ten years or younger go into the woods where the Dryads were supposed to be; for, if they should chance to be kissed by one of these tree-nymphs, they would be set back so far that they would cease to exist.

A story was told in the village that a very bad boy of eleven once ran away into the woods, and had an adventure of this kind; and when his mother

found him he was a little baby of one year old. Taking advantage of her opportunity, she brought him up more carefully than she had done before, and he grew to be a very good boy indeed.]

Now Old Pipes had been kissed twice by the Dryad, once on each cheek, and he therefore felt as vigorous and active as when he was a hale man of fifty. [His mother noticed how much work he was doing, and told him that he need not try in that way to make up for the loss of his piping wages; for he would only tire himself out, and get sick. But her son answered that he had not felt so well for years, and that he was quite able to work.]

In the course of the afternoon, Old Pipes, for the first time that day, put his hand in his coat pocket, and there, to his amazement, he found the little bag of money. "Well, well!" he exclaimed, "I am stupid, indeed! I really thought that I had seen a Dryad; but when I sat down by that big oak tree I must have gone to sleep and dreamed it all; and then I came home, thinking I had given the money to a Dryad, when it was in my pocket all the time. But the Chief Villager shall have the money. [I shall not take it to him to-day, but to-morrow I wish to go to the village to see some of my old friends; and then I shall give up the money."]

Toward the close of the afternoon, Old Pipes, [as had been his custom for so many years,] took his pipes [from the shelf on which they lay,] and went out to the rock in front of the cottage.

"What are you going to do?" cried his mother. ["If you will not consent to be paid, why do you pipe?"]

"I am going to pipe for my own pleasure," said her

son. "I am used to it, and I do not wish to give it up. [It does not matter now whether the cattle hear me or not, and I am sure that my piping will injure no one."]

When the good man began to play upon his favorite instrument he was astonished at the sound that came from it. The beautiful notes of the pipes sounded clear and strong down into the valley, and spread over the hills, and up the sides of the mountain beyond, while, after a little interval, an echo came back from the rocky hill on the other side of the valley.

"Ha! ha!" he cried, "what has happened to my pipes? They must have been stopped up of late, but now they are as clear and good as ever."

[Again the merry notes went sounding far and wide. The cattle on the mountain heard them, and those that were old enough remembered how these notes had called them from their pastures every evening, and so they started down the mountain-side, the others following.]

The merry notes were heard in the village below, and the people were much astonished thereby. "Why, who can be blowing the pipes of Old Pipes?" they said. But, as they were all very busy, no one went up to see. [One thing, however, was plain enough: the cattle were coming down the mountain. And so the two boys and the girl did not have to go after them, and had an hour for play, for which they were very glad.]

The next morning Old Pipes started down to the village with his money, and on the way he met the Dryad. "Oh, ho!" he cried, "is that you? Why, I thought my letting you out of the tree was nothing but a dream."

"A dream!" cried the Dryad; "if you only knew how happy you have made me, you would not think it merely a dream. And has it not benefited you? [Do you not feel happier?] Yesterday I heard you playing beautifully on your pipes."

"Yes, yes," cried he. "I did not understand it before, but I see it all now. I have really grown younger. [I thank you, I thank you, good Dryad, from the bottom of my heart.] It was the finding of the money in my pocket that made me think it was a dream."

"Oh, I put it in when you were asleep," she said, laughing, "because I thought you ought to keep it. Good-bye, kind, honest man. May you live long, and be as happy as I am now."

Old Pipes was greatly delighted when he understood that he was really a younger man; but that made no difference about the money, and he kept on his way to the village. As soon as he reached it, [he was eagerly questioned as to who had been playing his pipes the evening before, and when the people heard that it was himself they were very much surprised. Thereupon] Old Pipes told what had happened to him, and then there was greater wonder, [with hearty congratulations and hand-shakes; for Old Pipes was liked by everyone. The Chief Villager refused to take his money; and although Old Pipes said that he had not earned it, everyone present insisted that, as he would now play on his pipes as before, he should lose nothing because, for a time, he was unable to perform his duty.]

So Old Pipes was obliged to keep his money, and after an hour or two spent in conversation with his friends he returned to his cottage.

There was one person, however, who was not pleased with what had happened to Old Pipes. This was an Echo-dwarf who lived on the hills across the valley. It was his work to echo back the notes of the pipes whenever they could be heard.

[A great many other Echo-dwarfs lived on these hills. They all worked, but in different ways. Some echoed back the songs of maidens, some the shouts of children, and others the music that was often heard in the village. But there was only one who could send back the strong notes of the pipes of Old Pipes, and this had been his sole duty for many years.] But when [the old man grew feeble, and] the notes of his pipes could not be heard [on the opposite hills,] this Echo-dwarf had nothing to do, and he spent his time in delightful idleness; [and he slept so much and grew so fat that it made his companions laugh to see him walk.]

On the afternoon on which, after so long an interval, the sound of the pipes was heard on the echo hills, this dwarf was fast asleep behind a rock. As soon as the first notes reached them, some of his companions ran to wake him up. Rolling to his feet, he echoed back the merry tune of Old Pipes.

[Naturally, he was very angry at being thus obliged to give up his life of comfort, and he hoped very much that this pipe-playing would not occur again. The next afternoon, he was awake and listening, and, sure enough, at the usual hour, along came the notes of the pipes, as clear and strong as they ever had been; and he was obliged to work as long as Old Pipes played.] The Echo-dwarf was very angry. He had supposed, of course, that the pipe-playing had ceased forever, [and he felt that he had

a right to be indignant at being thus deceived.] He was so much disturbed that he made up his mind to go and try to find out how long this was to last. [He had plenty of time, as the pipes were played but once a day, and he set off early in the morning for the hill on which Old Pipes lived. It was hard work for the fat little fellow, and] when he had crossed the valley and had gone some distance into the woods on the hill-side, he stopped to rest, and in a few minutes the Dryad came tripping along.

"Ho, ho!" exclaimed the dwarf; "what are you doing here? and how did you get out of your tree?"

"Doing!" cried the Dryad; "I am being happy; that's what I am doing. And I was let out of my tree by the good old man who plays the pipes [to call the cattle down from the mountain. And it makes me happier to think that I have been of service to him.] I gave him two kisses of gratitude, and now he is young enough to play his pipes as well as ever."

The Echo-dwarf stepped forward, his face pale with passion. "Am I to believe," he said, "that you are the cause of this great evil that has come upon me? and that you are the wicked creature who has again started this old man upon his career of pipe-playing? What have I ever done to you that you should have condemned me for years and years to echo back the notes of those wretched pipes?"

At this the Dryad laughed loudly.

"What a funny little fellow you are!" she said. "Anyone would think you had been condemned to toil from morning till night; [while what you really have to do is merely to imitate for half an hour every day the merry notes of Old Pipes's piping.]

Fie upon you, Echo-dwarf! You are lazy and selfish; and that is what is the matter with you. [Instead of grumbling at being obliged to do a little wholesome work, which is less, I am sure, than that of any other echo-dwarf upon the rocky hill-side, you should rejoice at the good fortune of the old man who has regained so much of his strength and vigor.] Go home and learn to be just and generous; and then, perhaps, you may be happy. Good-bye."

"Insolent creature!" shouted the dwarf, as he shook his fat little fist at her. "I'll make you suffer for this. [You shall find out what it is to heap injury and insult upon one like me, and to snatch from him the repose that he has earned by long years of toil."] And, shaking his head savagely, he hurried back to the rocky hill-side.

[Every afternoon the merry notes of the pipes of Old Pipes sounded down into the valley and over the hills and up the mountain-side; and every afternoon when he had echoed them back, the little dwarf grew more and more angry with the Dryad.] Each day, from early morning till it was time for him to go back to his duties upon the rocky hill-side, he searched the woods for her. [He intended, if he met her, to pretend to be very sorry for what he had said, and] he thought he might be able to play a trick upon her which would avenge him well.

One day, while thus wandering among the trees, he met Old Pipes. [The Echo-dwarf did not generally care to see or speak to ordinary people; but now he was so anxious to find the object of his search, that] he stopped and asked Old Pipes if he had seen the Dryad. [The piper had not noticed the little fellow, and he looked down on him with some surprise.]

"No," he said; "I have not seen her, and I have been looking everywhere for her."

"You!" cried the dwarf, "what do you wish with her?"

Old Pipes then [sat down on a stone, so that he should be nearer the ear of his small companion, and he] told what the Dryad had done for him.

When the Echo-dwarf heard that this was the man whose pipes he was obliged to echo back every day, he would have slain him on the spot, had he been able; [but, as he was not able, he merely ground his teeth and listened to the rest of the story.]

"I am looking for the Dryad now," Old Pipes continued, "on account of my aged mother. [When I was old myself, I did not notice how very old my mother was; but now it shocks me to see how feeble her years have caused her to become; and] I am looking for the Dryad to ask her to make my mother younger, as she made me."

The eyes of the Echo-dwarf glistened. [Here was a man who might help him in his plans.]

"Your idea is a good one," he said to Old Pipes, ["and it does you honor.] But you should know that a Dryad can make no person younger but one who lets her out of her tree. [However, you can manage the affair very easily.] All you need do is to find the Dryad, tell her what you want, and request her to step into her tree and be shut up for a short time. Then you will go and bring your mother to the tree; she will open it, and everything will be as you wish. Is not this a good plan?"

"Excellent!" cried Old Pipes; "and I will go instantly and search more diligently for the Dryad."

["Take me with you," said the Echo-dwarf. "You

can easily carry me on your strong shoulders; and I shall be glad to help you in any way that I can."

"Now, then," said the little fellow to himself, as Old Pipes carried him rapidly along, "if he persuades the Dryad to get into a tree, — and she is quite foolish enough to do it, — and then goes away to bring his mother, I shall take a stone or a club and I will break off the key of that tree, so that nobody can ever turn it again. Then Mistress Dryad will see what she has brought upon herself by her behavior to me."]

Before long they came to the great oak-tree in which the Dryad had lived, and at a distance they saw that beautiful creature herself coming toward them.

["How excellently well everything happens!" said the dwarf. "Put me down, and I will go. Your business with the Dryad is more important than mine; and you need not say anything about my having suggested your plan to you. I am willing that you should have all the credit of it yourself."]

Old Pipes put the Echo-dwarf upon the ground, but the little rogue did not go away. He hid himself between some low, mossy rocks, [and he was so much like them in color that you would not have noticed him if you had been looking straight at him.]

When the Dryad came up, Old Pipes lost no time in telling her about his mother, and what he wished her to do. At first, the Dryad answered nothing, but stood looking very sadly at Old Pipes.

"Do you really wish me to go into my tree again?" she said. "I should dreadfully dislike to do it, for I don't know what might happen. It is not at all necessary, for I could make your mother younger at

any time if she would give me the opportunity. I had already thought of making you still happier in this way, and several times I have waited about your cottage, hoping to meet your aged mother, but she never comes outside, and you know a Dryad cannot enter a house. I cannot imagine what put this idea into your head. Did you think of it yourself?"

"No, I cannot say that I did," answered Old Pipes. "A little dwarf whom I met in the woods proposed it to me."

"Oh!" cried the Dryad; "now I see through it all. It is the scheme of that vile Echo-dwarf — your enemy and mine. Where is he? I should like to see him."

"I think he has gone away," said Old Pipes.

"No, he has not," said the Dryad, whose quick eyes perceived the Echo-dwarf among the rocks. "There he is. Seize him and drag him out, I beg of you."

Old Pipes saw the dwarf as soon as he was pointed out to him; and running to the rocks, he caught the little fellow by the arm and pulled him out.

"Now, then," cried the Dryad, who had opened the door of the great oak, "just stick him in there, and we will shut him up. Then I shall be safe from his mischief for the rest of the time I am free."

Old Pipes thrust the Echo-dwarf into the tree; the Dryad pushed the door shut; there was a clicking sound of bark and wood, and no one would have noticed that the big oak had ever had an opening in it.

"There," said the Dryad; "now we need not be afraid of him. And I assure you, my good piper, that I shall be very glad to make your mother younger as soon as I can. Will you not ask her to come out and meet me?"

"Of course I will," cried Old Pipes; "and I will do it without delay."

And then, the Dryad by his side, he hurried to his cottage. But when he mentioned the matter to his mother, the old woman became very angry indeed. She did not believe in Dryads; [and, if they really did exist, she knew they must be witches and sorceresses, and she would have nothing to do with them. If her son had ever allowed himself to be kissed by one of them, he ought to be ashamed of himself. As to its doing him the least bit of good, she did not believe a word of it. He felt better than he used to feel, but that was very common. She had sometimes felt that way herself,] and she forbade him ever to mention a Dryad to her again.

[That afternoon, Old Pipes, feeling very sad that his plan in regard to his mother had failed, sat down upon the rock and played upon his pipes. The pleasant sounds went down the valley and up the hills and mountain, but, to the great surprise of some persons who happened to notice the fact, the notes were not echoed back from the rocky hill-side, but from the woods on the side of the valley on which Old Pipes lived. The next day many of the villagers stopped in their work to listen to the echo of the pipes coming from the woods. The sound was not as clear and strong as it used to be when it was sent back from the rocky hill-side, but it certainly came from among the trees. Such a thing as an echo changing its place in this way had never been heard of before, and nobody was able to explain how it could have happened. Old Pipes, however, knew very well that the sound came from the Echo-dwarf shut up in the great oak-tree. The sides of the tree were thin, and the sound

of the pipes could be heard through them, and the dwarf was obliged by the laws of his being to echo back those notes whenever they came to him. But Old Pipes thought he might get the Dryad in trouble if he let anyone know that the Echo-dwarf was shut up in the tree, and so he wisely said nothing about it.]

One day the two boys and the girl who had helped Old Pipes up the hill were playing in the woods. Stopping near the great oak-tree, they heard a sound of knocking within it, and then a voice plainly said:

"Let me out! let me out!"

For a moment the children stood still in astonishment, and then one of the boys exclaimed:

"Oh, it is a Dryad, like the one Old Pipes found! Let's let her out!"

"What are you thinking of?" cried the girl. "I am the oldest of all, and I am only thirteen. Do you wish to be turned into crawling babies? Run! run! run!"

And the two boys and the girl dashed down into the valley as fast as their legs could carry them. [There was no desire in their youthful hearts to be made younger than they were, and for fear that their parents might think it well that they should commence their careers anew, they never said a word about finding the Dryad tree.]

As the summer days went on, Old Pipes' mother grew feebler and feebler. [One day when her son was away, for he now frequently went into the woods to hunt or fish, or down into the valley to work, she arose from her knitting to prepare the simple dinner. But she felt so weak and tired that she was not able to do the work to which she had been so long accustomed.] "Alas! alas!" she said, ["the time has come when I am too old to work. My son will have

to hire some one to come here and cook his meals, make his bed, and mend his clothes. Alas! alas! I had hoped that as long as I lived I should be able to do these things. But it is not so.] I have grown utterly worthless, and some one else must prepare the dinner for my son. I wonder where he is." And tottering to the door, she went outside to look for him. She did not feel able to stand, and reaching the rustic chair, she sank into it, quite exhausted, and soon fell asleep.

The Dryad, who had often come to the cottage [to see if she could find an opportunity of carrying out Old Pipes' affectionate design, now happened by; and seeing that the much-desired occasion had come, she] stepped up quietly behind the old woman and gently kissed her on each cheek, and then as quietly disappeared.

In a few minutes the mother of Old Pipes awoke, and looking up at the sun, she exclaimed: "Why, it is almost dinner-time! My son will be here directly, and I am not ready for him." [And rising to her feet, she hurried into the house, made the fire, set the meat and vegetables to cook, laid the cloth, and by the time her son arrived the meal was on the table.]

"How a little sleep does refresh one," she said to herself, as she was bustling about. [She was a woman of very vigorous constitution, and at seventy had been a great deal stronger and more active than her son was at that age.] The moment Old Pipes saw his mother, he knew that the Dryad had been there; but, while he felt as happy as a king, he was too wise to say anything about her.

["It is astonishing how well I feel to-day," said his mother; "and either my hearing has improved or you

speak much more plainly than you have done of late."]

The summer days went on and passed away, the leaves were falling from the trees, and the air was becoming cold.

"Nature has ceased to be lovely," said the Dryad, "and the night winds chill me. It is time for me to go back into my comfortable quarters in the great oak. But first I must pay another visit to the cottage of Old Pipes."

She found the piper and his mother sitting side by side on the rock in front of the door. [The cattle were not to go to the mountain any more that season, and he was piping them down for the last time. Loud and merrily sounded the pipes of Old Pipes, and down the mountain-side came the cattle — the cows by the easiest paths, the sheep by those not quite so easy, and the goats by the most difficult ones among the rocks; while from the great oak-tree were heard the echoes of the cheerful music.]

"How happy they look, sitting there together," said the Dryad; "and I don't believe it will do them a bit of harm to be still younger." And moving quietly up behind them, she first kissed Old Pipes on his cheek and then kissed his mother.

[Old Pipes, who had stopped playing, knew what it was, but he did not move, and said nothing. His mother, thinking that her son had kissed her, turned to him with a smile and kissed him in return. And then she arose and went into the cottage, a vigorous woman of sixty, followed by her son, erect and happy, and twenty years younger than herself.]

The Dryad sped away to the woods, shrugging her shoulders as she felt the cool evening wind.

When she reached the great oak, she turned the key and opened the door. "Come out," she said to the Echo-dwarf, who sat blinking within. "Winter is coming on, and I want the comfortable shelter of my tree for myself. [The cattle have come down from the mountain for the last time this year, the pipes will no longer sound, and you can go to your rocks and have a holiday until next spring."]

Upon hearing these words the dwarf skipped quickly out, and the Dryad entered the tree and pulled the door shut after her. "Now, then," she said to herself, "he can break off the key if he likes. It does not matter to me. Another will grow out next spring. And although the good piper made me no promise, I know that when the warm days arrive next year, he will come and let me out again."

The Echo-dwarf did not stop to break the key of the tree. He was too happy to be released to think of anything else, and he hastened as fast as he could to his home on the rocky hill-side.

The Dryad was not mistaken when she trusted in the piper. When the warm days came again he went to the oak tree to let her out. But, to his sorrow and surprise, he found the great tree lying upon the ground. A winter storm had blown it down, and it lay with its trunk shattered and split. And what became of the Dryad no one ever knew.

NOTE. — The portions of the text within the brackets may well be omitted in telling this story in a program on account of the length.

THE MONK AND THE BIRD[1]

FROM SCUDDER'S "BOOK OF LEGENDS"

THEBE was an old monk who had led a holy life, doing good all his days. And one reason why he had done good was because he lived much with God.

Early in the morning, before others had risen, he was on his knees praying to the Father of all, giving thanks for all his mercies, and asking for grace to lead a holy life that day. And late at night, when others slept, he lingered long on his knees, talking with God as with his dearest friend.

Not only did this monk pray in the chapel, and by the side of his narrow bed, but as he walked about doing good deeds his lips moved, and he scarcely saw anyone else, for he was praying in silence. He was always glad to escape from himself to the thought of God.

So when he was an old, old man, he was one day in the garden of the monastery. He was too old and feeble now to go away amongst the poor and sick; but the poor and sick, young and old, were glad when they could come to him and receive his blessing.

It was a lovely morning hour in early summer, and the garden was sweet with odors of roses. The air was soft and still. The old monk had been helped out to a garden-bench, and there left. He was in perfect peace, and when he was alone he sank upon his knees by the bench, and lifted his peaceful soul in prayer and praise.

As he prayed there came a sweet, pure note to his

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ear. It did not disturb him. He knew it for the voice of one of God's happy creatures, and as he prayed, he listened with a smile to this bird singing in one of the rose trees in the garden. He thought he never had heard anything so liquid as the song of this bird.

The notes so filled his soul that he rose from his knees to listen to the song. He rested his hands on his stout stick and listened. Then he drew near the rose-tree from which the song came.

As he drew near, the little bird continued singing and then fled to a grove farther away, and again began calling with its sweet note. The old monk, forgetting everything else, eagerly pressed forward. It was as if he heard some bird of God.

Oh, rapture! he neared the bird again and heard the pure notes sounding clearer and clearer. Once more the bird filled his soul and he listened, listened. Then away flew the bird, and led him by its song to a farther grove. Still the old man pressed on.

Thus hour by hour the heavenly bird sang, and hour by hour the old monk listened intent. He would not lose a note. But at last the bird's song grew gentler, until it ceased altogether. The day was nearing its close.

Then the happy old man set his face westward, and made his way back toward the monastery, carrying the memory of the song which mingled with his prayer, so that he scarce knew whether he was praying or listening to the music.

It was nightfall when he found himself once again within the garden; but it was not yet dark, and in the evening light he looked about him at the old scene. He was perplexed at the appearance of things.

There was the convent, there was the garden, and yet nothing looked quite as when he had left the place.

As he stood wondering, a brother monk drew near. He wore the familiar dress, yet his face seemed strange. Well as our old monk knew all the brethren, this newcomer he could not remember ever to have seen. But he must needs speak to him, and he asked:

"What has happened? Why is it that everything looks so changed since morning? What has taken place? But perhaps you have only just come. Is Brother Andrew within?"

The monk looked at him as he spoke, and he wondered as he looked. "Why," said he, "there has been no change here to-day, no, nor for many years. I have myself been here ten years come Michaelmas. There is no Brother Andrew amongst us. But thou? pray, who art thou? and whence camest thou? This is the dress of the order, though somewhat old, but I have never seen thee before. What is thy name, good brother?"

The old monk, much wondering, told his name, and said further: "It was only this morning, early this morning, that I left the garden, for I heard the song of a bird, and it was like a song let down from heaven to draw me up."

Now when the younger monk heard the name, he fell on his knees, and took the robe of the other in his hand, and bowed over it. Then he told him how it was written in the books of the monastery that a holy man of that name had strangely disappeared out of their sight two hundred years ago.

"And it was written," he said, "that like as the Lord God buried his servant Moses and no man knew

where he was buried, so did he hide from our sight this holy brother."

At that, a smile spread over the face of the old monk, and he lifted up his voice and said, "My hour of death is come. Blessed be the name of the Lord for all his mercies to me," and so he breathed out his spirit.

Then all the monks in the monastery were called to witness this strange sight; and the young monk who had held converse with the old man turned to his brethren and said:

"God be merciful to me a sinner! When this old man drew near to me I was thinking to myself, how can I bear the thought of an eternity of happiness? shall I not weary of endless peace? but lo! our brother heard a bird of God for but a single day as he thought, and it was two hundred years. Surely a thousand years in His sight are but as yesterday, and as a day that is past."

Sara Cone Bryant's two books, "How to Tell Stories to Children" and "Stories to Tell to Children"; the Bulletin of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh on "Stories to Tell to Children under Twelve Years of Age"; Eva Tappan's "The Children's Hour" and the story teller's magazine, "The Story-hour," all furnish suggestions for the stories to be used in the miscellaneous program. Such books as the collections of fairy and folk tales of Joseph Jacobs, the Grimm

brothers, Sir George Dasent, and Hans Christian Andersen ought to be possessions of every story teller.

NOTE. — The suggestion for the manner in which a text is cut for telling as shown in "Old Pipes and the Dryad" should be followed in all of the longer stories given in these programs.

CHAPTER V

BIOGRAPHICAL STORIES

Biography a source for stories to tell; the dramatic element necessary for a good story to tell; suggestions for biographies to tell.

ONE of the problems which confront the novice in story telling is the question where to obtain the best material, and he is apt to overlook the most obvious source of supply, because he is not quite certain what are the requirements of that material.

The child who has lost something of his interest in fairy tales and other imaginative literature craves the realistic story, or the recital of actual fact, a legitimate desire which should suggest a field little used by story tellers, but full of great possibilities.

We are so familiar with the old saying "Truth is stranger than fiction" that it has ceased to have much meaning for us, but as applied to the dramatic quality of the biographical story it is really significant. The

child is already looking for a hero, the attitude of hero worship continuing through the years of his evolution into youth; and circumstances and association will be largely responsible for the heroes who succeed each other in his affections.

History, as some one has said, is but a series of biographies, and if we are careful to choose the lives of such characters in history as may be said to represent the hero idea, we shall be serving two purposes at once — teaching history while we gratify the love of the hero.

Some feel inclined to shun biographical stories because they feel that there is no art possible in the presentation of mere facts. A little reflection, however, will show that facts are not lifeless bones, but may be clothed in as beautiful form and throb with as vigorous pulses of life as any purely imaginative creation.

Mr. Winchester says in his "Principles of Literary Criticism": "But a moment's reflection will show us that the imagination is no less necessary in the more sober and pedestrian varieties of literature. In history,

for example. The historian needs imagination, first, to secure the *truth* of his work. He must see his men and women if he would judge them rightly. It is his task not merely to arrange and chronicle facts, but rather, from scattered memoranda, from fragmentary and often conflicting records, to recreate the men and women of the past as they were, real living persons whose motives shall be clear to us. He must do more than that. He must set these persons in their proper environment of circumstance, and he must further recreate for us that complex, indefinable something we call the spirit of the age, its characteristic feelings, preferences, modes of judgment."

"And if the historian needs imagination to insure the truth of his work, he needs it still more to give that work interest and lasting literary value . . . the great historians whose work has recognized and permanent value have always known how to present their story vividly before our imagination and thus give to it the movement and charm of real life."

If the story teller is to present history

or biography it will easily be seen, from the standard which Mr. Winchester sets, how vital a part imagination has to play in order to preserve truthfulness of statement and at the same time to give literary value to the story.

The beginner in the art of story telling will find that the historical or biographical story is much less difficult to handle than purely imaginative material, because the foundation of fact is a firm one on which to stand, and will give a definite skeleton about which to work. The most difficult stories to tell are those which depend for their charm upon the atmosphere rather than the plot, the subtleties of words and phrases and the impressions created by them, rather than a definite line of action carried forward by the characters.

If the very deeds of a man are picturesque, a recital of them is in itself convincing, and so in a sense, these biographical stories tell themselves if the subjects are well chosen.

There is perhaps no place where the personal equation will count for so much as in the telling of these stories. A genuine liking

for the character to be portrayed is an almost necessary factor because there may be little of literary merit connected with the source material which will inspire the narrator with enthusiasm for his story. The writer of history or biography may find it incumbent upon him to treat of some subject entirely distasteful to him personally, yet he may handle it with so masterly and impartial a style as almost to deceive the reader as to his own attitude.

But the very presence of the story teller before his audience makes it impossible to conceal what he feels, and necessitates a treatment of the material with something of the approach of the hero-worshipper. One can hardly imagine a skald or a troubadour deliberately rehearsing the deeds of one whom he secretly despised, unless they formed the shadow which made the sunlight of heroic accomplishment shine brighter.

For this reason it is impossible to make arbitrary lists of characters whose histories it is desirable to repeat. The story teller must use his own discretion to a large extent in his selection, being careful, however,

not to let personal caprice prejudice his judgment concerning the lives which have such universal interest and dramatic power that association and study would show them to have exceptional value for story telling.

We all recognize the value to society of men and women who go faithfully about their daily tasks, never achieving fame or glory by especially notable deeds. But in spite of the fact that they are perhaps the most desirable constituents of society, the very uneventfulness of their lives robs them of the dramatic quality necessary for a good story.

Again, we find the record of a life which runs on the even tenor of its way for years, when suddenly a turn of the wheel of Fortune changes it from a prosaic existence to one full of adventure and unusual happenings. These dramatic episodes may well become the subject of a story, but since they are the really significant thing, the other events of the biography should be used only as a background. Grace Darling and Father Damien furnish examples of such stirring incidents in otherwise uneventful careers. Explorers like La Salle and George Rogers Clark, rulers like

Alfred the Great and William the Conqueror, seem studies made to order for a series of stories of the most thrilling character. Napoleon and Garibaldi, as masters of accomplishment, are men, phases of whose lives yield splendid story material for children.

St. Francis of Assisi and Robert the Bruce represent the type of devotion to an ideal, religious and patriotic, which in itself is inspiring. The fact that historians are declaring that William Tell is a myth, and that the stories about Robert the Bruce we have loved are not true, really does not make any difference about the value of telling these stories to children.

It will be better, however, to tell the children at the close of a William Tell cycle that historians are questioning the truth of these stories, but whether such a man really lived or not does not matter, because he represents the patriotic spirit of the Swiss so perfectly that there are many men who might have borne his name.

Joan of Arc is perhaps as good an illustration as we have of biographical material for a cycle of stories. No character in his-

tory is more fascinating, uniting as it does the elements of military heroism, devotion to a cause, and that cause patriotic, strength and simplicity of character. Great care should be used in telling the opening chapters of the story, because of the supernatural element of "the voices." These do not need to be explained, neither should they be done away with, for the attitude of children even as old as those who will be interested in Joan's story will in most cases be that of simple acceptance. Boutet de Monvel records this part of the story with a simplicity which is worthy of imitation.

"One summer day, when she was thirteen years old, she heard a voice at midday in her father's garden. A great light shone upon her, and the archangel St. Michael appeared to her. He told her to be a good girl and go to church. Then, telling her of the great mercy which was in store for the Kingdom of France, he announced to her that she should go to the help of the Dauphin and bring him to be crowned at Rheims. 'I am only a poor girl,' she said. 'God will help thee,' answered the archangel. And the child, overcome, was left weeping.

"From this day, Joan's piety became still more ardent. The child loved to go apart from her playmates to meditate, and heavenly voices spoke to her, telling her of her mission.

"These, she said, were the voices of her Saints. Often the voices were accompanied by visions. St. Catherine and St. Margaret appeared to her. 'I have seen them with my bodily eyes,' she said later to her judges, 'and when they left me I used to cry. I wanted them to take me with them.'

"The girl grew, her mind elevated by her visions, and her inmost heart keeping the secret of her heavenly intercourse."

The original records are so utilized that the author has given the strongest rendering of the story possible. Wherever funds permit, this beautiful book should be the possession of children not only because of the beauty and strength of the text, but because the story is repeated so marvellously in the illustrations of this artist.

Before telling this story, the narrator will be greatly helped if he can read some sympathetic biography not intended for children and then take the text for his stories from a more simple and condensed form.

H. Morse Stephens speaks of Francis C. Lowell's "Joan of Arc" as "distinctively the best thing in the English language on the life and career of the Maid of Orleans."

Material to be used as a text for the tell-

ing of the story, and which can afterward be given to the children for reading, will be found in any of the following books.

THE RED TRUE STORY BOOK. — LANG
THE STORY OF JOAN OF ARC (CHILDREN'S HEROES SERIES). — LANG
STORIES OF OLD FRANCE. — PITMAN
BRAVE DEEDS. — TROWBRIDGE
THE MAID OF ORLEANS (LIFE STORIES FOR YOUNG PEOPLE SERIES). — UPTON

A cycle of five stories will cover the history of Joan's life and the most important incidents covered in the following outline:

First story: A few words in the introduction to explain the political situation, the struggle between the two kings for the possession of France. Girlhood of Joan, call of "the voices," and the visit to the Dauphin.

Second story: Attack and delivery of Orleans.

Third story: Defeat of the English and crowning of the Dauphin.

Fourth story: Treachery of Paris and capture of Joan.

Fifth story: Joan's trial and death.

A SUGGESTIVE LIST OF BOOKS FOR BIOGRAPHICAL STORIES

ALFRED THE GREAT

Fifty Famous Stories. — BALDWIN
In the Days of Alfred the Great. — TAPPAN
Stories from English History. — WARREN

GEORGE ROGERS CLARK

Pioneers of the Mississippi Valley. — MCMURRY
Four American Pioneers. — PERRY and BEEBE

FATHER DAMIEN

Alice's Visit to the Hawaiian Islands. — KRAUS
The Red True Story Book of Heroes. — LANG

GRACE DARLING

Fifty Famous Stories. — BALDWIN
The Blue True Story Book. — LANG
The True Story Book. — LANG

FRANCIS OF ASSISI

Book of Saints and Friendly Beasts. — BROWN
In God's Garden. — STEDMAN

GARIBALDI

Lives of Poor Boys who Became Famous. — BOLTON

GENERAL GORDON

The Story of General Gordon (Children's Heroes Series). — LANG, JEANIE

LA SALLE

The Discovery of the Old Northwest. — BALDWIN
The Pioneers of the Mississippi Valley. — MCMURRY
Parkman's Works. (Read as much as possible.)

NAPOLEON

Famous Leaders among Men. — BOLTON
The Boys' Book of Famous Rulers. — FARMER
The Boy Life of Napoleon. — FOA

Napoleon the Little Corsican. — HATHAWAY
The Story of Napoleon (Children's Heroes Series). — MARSHALL

ROBERT THE BRUCE
Fifty Famous Stories. — BALDWIN
Boys' Book of Famous Rulers. — FARMER
The Story of the English. — GUERBER
The Story of Robert the Bruce (Children's Heroes Series). — LANG, JEANIE

WILLIAM TELL
Fifty Famous Stories. — BALDWIN
Ten Great Events in History. — JOHONNOT
Stories of William Tell (Told to the Children Series). — MARSHALL
The Book of Legends. — SCUDDER
William Tell (Life Stories for Young People Series). — UPTON

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR
Historic Boys. — BROOKS
In the Days of William the Conqueror. — TAPPAN

CHAPTER VI

NATIONAL EPIC TALES

What is an epic? Why they are good stories to tell.

"CHILDREN — all children, one imagines, since the line of cleavage is not developed until later — love fiction because it gives form to their unformulated longing for adventure, and makes articulate their unvoiced dreams of romantic achievement."

Perhaps it is because the folk and fairy tales, and the great epic literature of the world, were first recited to groups of eager listeners and were not produced with the idea of a printed form, that they furnish the most successful sources of material for the story teller. Excellent sources of fairy tales have been cited in books already referred to, and such selections should not only be used for the younger child, but should stand as types of any new material which the story teller himself may find. It is not the purpose of the present volume, however, to

concern itself primarily with the problem of the younger child, whom we have considered possibly overmuch, to the neglect of his older brother, who suffers even more than he from ignorant and thoughtless suggestion of every kind.

When the boy and girl have outgrown their fairy tales, have cast aside the stories of Indians and primitive men, when Robinson Crusoe is no longer so large a hero as he was, and the realistic stories of everyday life pall on them, then the cry for adventure becomes persistent and is not to be denied. Hero they must have, and if one of heroic proportions is not supplied, they will become the prey of an imitation which for the time satisfies their desires.

The heroic ideal has changed with the progress of civilization; never has the world demanded as much of a man who is to be a hero as at the present time.

In the same way the ideals of children develop, and the hero of their early admiration is the man of action, of deeds, of physical courage; later they learn that there is a higher type of hero, the man who endures,

who suffers and lives for a principle — the hero of moral courage.

We cannot force the child's growth any more than we can change the natural development of nations. If, when the child first craves adventure, he is met with a hero of the type which he can understand, we may trust to time for the development of his standards. This does not mean that he is to be given less than a real hero at any time, but that, so long, for instance, as physical courage is the only courage he can appreciate, he shall be met with worthy examples of men who dared and accomplished material achievement.

The cleverness of many modern writers in seizing the opportunity which the love of adventure offers for supplying an inexhaustible stream from the press is certainly worthy of comment. They are wise in thus catering to desire which is not a passing fad, but there is no wisdom which can justify the acceptance of mere printed stuff, simply because it will satisfy the demand of the child for something to read.

It is not merely a question of reading, it is also a question of character, for the man

who becomes a hero for the child becomes at the same time a model for his imitation.

There exists no greater source of hero stories, valuable both as literature and as portrayals of noble character, than that furnished by the national epic literature. The term "classics" is to many synonymous with that which is stupid and uninteresting; but instead of being, as they seem to think, a dead and lifeless relic of a bygone day, it is in reality the body of literature which has retained a place for itself during all the passage of years, because there is in it something of such a quality that it cannot die. Leon Gautier, the authoritative critic and translator of the "Chanson de Roland," says: "If lyrical poetry is essentially personal, epic poetry is essentially national. It can grow only out of a people which is already a nation, with a national consciousness, and which combines four qualities not rare to find in simple times: it must be religiously inclined, warlike, unsophisticated, and fond of song. I may add that the nation should not, at the moment it produces the epic, be in a calm and prosperous con-

dition; peace never yet gave birth to an epic. It needs a struggle, its birthplace is a battle-field, amidst the dying who have given their lives to some great cause. So much for soil. Then the epic needs matter — some positive central fact, which it will enlarge upon in telling it. The fact almost always is historical, and mostly sad, — a defeat, a death. . . . Lastly, it must have a hero, and the hero must completely embody his time and nationality. His personality must tower above the epic fact, so that this fact be nothing without him and derive all its importance from him."

Notwithstanding the fact that the epic had its birth in the life of a single nation, it contains those typically human characteristics which make it one of the great universal books which in a sense know neither time nor nationality.

The national epics are not desirable to give to children simply because they are classics and should form part of the child's education, but because they are adapted to his enjoyment and contain models for imitation worthy of his metal.

There are some who maintain that all the national epics should be told to children, but it would seem that no literature is suitable for a child unless it portrays ideas and experiences which lie within the field of his knowledge or the grasp of his understanding. For example, the great classic of Dante has been retold for children. The significance of this marvellous poem, surely, can touch only the mature experience and should be reserved for the relatively later years of life.

On the other hand, the most characteristic qualities of the Odyssey are identical with the interests of a child from eleven to fourteen. Its composition makes it one of the most perfect of the stories of adventure, for there is a central figure which gives it unity and binds the separate stories together, while the motive of getting home, gives to the adventures the character of incidents, not of central themes. The interests of the story are adapted to the child, the cleverness and resourcefulness of the hero as well as his determined purpose appeal to him.

The question of the age for which the

hero stories are adapted gives rise to a wide diversity of opinion. Many people believe that if the text, or a portion of it, is sufficiently simplified the same story can be given suitably to any age in a modified version.

It must be admitted that it is possible to interest a little child in the merest fragment of Robinson Crusoe, but in order to bring the tale within his comprehension, it must of necessity be robbed of all that gives it charm and vitality. Would it not be better to supply this child from the vast storehouse of folk-lore and fairy tales which can be used in most cases in their original form, and reserve Robinson Crusoe for a time when he may step upon the stage in the guise and stature of a true hero? The occasional child will be found who enjoys this piecemeal acquaintance, and will rejoice to add to his knowledge of Ulysses as he meets him from kindergarten to high school, but for most of them the dwarf of the early version is the one which contents them, and the high-water mark of interest is entirely missed because they were not allowed to wait until the appeal was made by the masterpiece itself.

The retort may be made, that consistency will demand that people should not read the masterpieces till they can do so in the original, but this position is certainly not tenable unless foreign languages are among the early acquisitions of childhood.

The tales which will be selected for children from these national hero stories are rich in adventure, full of action, romance, and deeds of bravery; but the adventure, the action, and even the romance are of the nature to appeal to a boy rather than a man, to the years of bodily rather than of mental activity, to the days of simplicity not complexity, to the openness of boyhood instead of the introspective analysis of manhood, and for this reason they will find a spontaneous response almost entirely lacking in mature years.

The spirit of the stories is the spirit of youth; their very origin in the days when all the world was young and when a single hero was credited with every possible and impossible virtue as is the way of youth, fits them preëminently to be not the stories of adult life, but the stories of the days

when the world is growing up. It is certainly important to see that the translating or retelling keeps the atmosphere and spirit of the original; but if we have such a version it may well be used when it can sway and hold the imagination of the child.

It is certainly a most desirable and happy thing for a child to grow up in a home where the famous names of history and literature are spoken often and with familiarity, where without knowing it he makes acquaintances among the world's great characters long before he can appreciate the story of their deeds. Unconsciously he becomes interested, and at length inquires the significance of what he at first took for granted, hearing the stories of these men and events when his mind is ripe for them. But such a condition is entirely different in its results from the presentation of a story simplified out of all likeness to the original for the definite purpose of giving it to a child in a form he can grasp.

If a study of these national epics is made they will be found to be pictures painted on big canvases, with huge brushes, often rep-

resenting very elemental emotions and virtues, but pictures which breathe out courage and strength, justice, if not always the finer quality of mercy, quick decision and resourcefulness, sometimes even unselfishness and devotion to principle. Such qualities are worthy of imitation, and, modified by the spirit of altruism which will come later, will make sterling men and noble women of the hero-worshippers of to-day.

CHAPTER VII

HOW TO USE THESE EPIC TALES

Robin Hood; Roland; The Cid; Frithjof; The Odyssey, King Arthur; Rustem; Beowulf; Sigurd.

IN order to do the most effective work with the hero stories contained in these national epics it is better, under ordinary circumstances, to separate boys and girls, and to remember that most of these appeal in a different way to a younger and older group of either boys or girls. The first group,—fifth, sixth, and seventh grades, is interested in adventure, battle, and conquest for the things themselves, and loves the knights and heroes of the adventures only as they represent accomplishment. They do not see the deeper meaning of chivalry nor care for its romance, these are the added concern of the second group. For this reason, the epics where women do not figure, or only incidentally, will be most popular with the first

group, particularly if composed of boys, and the stories of deeper spiritual significance and more romantic plots should be reserved for the succeeding grades.

It will be evident that, following this idea, the stories of King Arthur, as well as others, may be told for either group, but the selection of the stories will be somewhat different, as the emphasis is laid on the heroic or the spiritual significance of the epics.

In telling the Odyssey or the stories of Sigurd, Frithjof, or Siegfried, it will add much to the children's enjoyment, as well as to their fuller understanding of these classics, if they have already had a series of stories taken from Greek mythology in the one case and Norse in the others, which will have made them familiar with the names and characteristics of the gods to whom reference is so frequently made.

The stories which will be recommended in this chapter will include certain classic hero tales which under the narrow use of the word epic would be excluded, but which can be included under a broad definition. The stories of Robin Hood, for example, do not com-

pose an epic; but the ballads about this hero came from the hearts of the people, and are so closely related that they may be considered as a literary whole.

The study is in no sense exhaustive, and even a change of opinion with regard to the suitability of certain classics for children may occur after the printing of these pages. For the present, the great Hindu poems of "The Râmâyana" and "The Mahâ-Bhârata," "The Kalevala" of Finland, "The Divine Comedy" from Italy, "The Æneid" and the "Iliad," "Paradise Lost" and "Jerusalem Delivered," though ranking as truly great epics, have not been considered, because they have treated of subjects which were beyond the understanding or interest of children, or because the material itself is lacking in unity, simplicity, or other qualifications necessary in a story for telling. There are, in some cases, many versions which might have been suggested as "telling" texts with equal reason, but it has seemed wise, considering the purpose of this volume, to give one, or at most two, books from which the story teller may be able to

get his material so that he may not find himself poor because of too great wealth.

No effort has been made to send the story teller back to the original sources of the stories, or to translations, because experience has led to the conviction that the retelling of the story, which is most nearly like the form to be used in the oral presentation, will be the thing most helpful to the unprofessional story teller. To prepare the story from a translation requires the time, the imagination, and the skill in handling material which are the possession and equipment of the professional.

Whenever the narrator of a story is able to add background to his material and get the spirit of the age and nation which the tale represents by reading translations and related books, it is much to be desired, but it is recognized that for many people who must tell stories in schools and homes and libraries, the time required for this reading is impossible to command.

Some of the stories which will be outlined here for use in cycles have been fully worked out and are available in print in separate

pamphlets through the courtesy of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburg.

Robin Hood

Of the many heroes which appeal to children, there is probably none who can so easily carry off the palm for popularity as Robin Hood. He is no less a favorite with girls than with boys, and the old ballad makers, whoever they were, met the demand of the day for a story, a good story, and one which did not take too long in the telling, when they sung these ballads for the young as well as the old.

Some prudish criticism occasionally clamors for a hearing and maintains that we are upholding lawlessness and robbery when we make a hero of an outlaw, but certainly a little study of the period and the character ought to destroy such a theory.

The adventure is pure adventure; the spirit of justice, which is one of the foundation stones of our civilization, is a striking characteristic of these stories. The high ideals of womanhood, the spirit of helpfulness to poor and needy, the resourcefulness, the humor, the willingness to give and take

in the same open-handed way, the manliness in combat, all these qualities fit the stories for telling, for they are the virtues and standards of life which these boys and girls can understand and approve.

The ever engrossing activity pictured in these stories, the atmosphere of woods and out-of-doors which children love, the exhibition of physical strength, the atmosphere of a fair fight are subjects which represent the normal interests of children.

If we can add to the telling of the Robin Hood stories the reading of some of the ballads after the children know and love this hero, it will add much to the value of the story hour.

There is no prose rendering of the ballads which seems to convey their spirit, both by reason of the quaintness of the language and the masterly handling of the material of the story, as perfectly as Howard Pyle's "Merry Adventures of Robin Hood." It is a pleasure to recommend this text as the best form for the story teller's use, and to suggest that he cannot do better than to become so familiar with the words of the author that

many of them will become his own. If this edition is too expensive for the small library, a smaller one containing a portion of the stories has been issued under the title "Some Merry Adventures of Robin Hood."

The stories here suggested are taken from the large edition:

STORIES FROM THE BALLADS OF ROBIN HOOD

How Robin Hood Became an Outlaw and how Little John Joined his Band
PYLE. Merry Adventures of Robin Hood, pp. 1–10
Robin Hood's Adventure with the Tinker
Same, pp. 13–22
The Sheriff's Shooting Match
Same, pp. 25–33. (Shorten first two pages.)
Robin Hood Saves Will Stutley's Life
Same, pp. 34–44
The Sheriff's Visit to Robin Hood
Same, pp. 47–56
Three Adventures of Robin Hood
Same, pp. 79–112. (Condense.)
Robin Hood and Allan a Dale
Same, pp. 115–27
Robin Hood and his Men Shoot before Queen Eleanor
Same, pp. 219–34
Robin Hood and Guy of Gisbourne
Same, pp. 255–69
Death of Robin Hood
Same, pp. 289–96

Roland

The "Chanson de Roland" is an epic setting forth a single period in a great hero's life, instead of making a complete picture, and for that reason may be somewhat disappointing to some children who are devoted to an orderly development of their heroes' careers. The constant action and the martial subject of the poem make it one which will appeal to the battle-loving age. The balance of the story will need changing for the purpose of story telling, as too great stress is laid on the events after the hero's death to make the story effective and in good proportion.

It will not be necessary to try to make a connection between the characters of the story and their historical counterparts, but the first story may include a few sentences by way of characterization of Charlemagne, such as Baldwin gives in his "Story of Roland."

For a text to be used as a basis for telling this story, I would recommend either Marshall's "Stories of Roland," in the "Told to the Children Series," or the story as given

by Ragozin in the volume on "Frithjof and Roland." The divisions for the chapters in the first are more artistic and can be relied on more confidently for the places to break the stories in telling, and its phraseology is more careful and better suited to an oral presentation.

The story divides itself easily into five, or at most six, parts, as follows:

STORIES FROM THE CHANSON DE ROLAND

The Councils of the Kings
MARSHALL. Stories of Roland, pp. 1–19
RAGOZIN. Frithjof and Roland, pp. 147–64
Ganelon's Treason
MARSHALL. Stories of Roland, pp. 20–37
RAGOZIN. Frithjof and Roland, pp. 165–86
The Battle and the Sounding of the Horn
MARSHALL. Stories of Roland, pp. 38–61
RAGOZIN. Frithjof and Roland, pp. 187–215
The Death of Roland
MARSHALL. Stories of Roland, pp. 62–80
RAGOZIN. Frithjof and Roland, pp. 216–35
Roland Avenged
MARSHALL. Stories of Roland, pp. 81–105
RAGOZIN. Frithjof and Roland, pp. 187–215
Ganelon's Punishment
MARSHALL. Stories of Roland, pp. 106–16
RAGOZIN. Frithjof and Roland

Baldwin, in his "Story of Roland," which is excellently rendered, has not attempted to confine himself to the "Chanson de Roland," but has gathered from various sources and nations the poems and tales which have Roland as their hero, and united them in one continuous story. It is not the epic, of course, but the sources of his material are classic, and the hero story which he has woven from the idealizations of many nations is a splendid one to tell, and in many ways more interesting because of the variety. The introduction of his two famous companions, Oliver and Ogier the Dane, will give great pleasure and satisfaction to children, for their spirit is worthy of the great Roland. A cycle of stories from this collection of Baldwin's can be arranged, and while it does not cover all the material of the book there is enough to rouse the curiosity of the child, and stimulate him to read the book for himself.

STORIES OF ROLAND

Roland's Boyhood
BALDWIN. Story of Roland, pp. 1–33

Ogier the Dane
Same, pp. 47–70
Ogier and Roland Knighted
Same, pp. 70–80
How Ogier Won Horse and Sword
Same, pp. 81–96
Roland's Arms
Same, pp. 97–113
A Roland for an Oliver
Same, pp. 114–32
Princess of Cathay
Same, pp. 175–217
How Ogier Refused a Kingdom
Same, pp. 240–44
How Roland Slew the Sea Monster
Same, pp. 245–54
A Contest for Durandal
Same, pp. 317–28
How Roland Became his Own Shadow
Same, pp. 328–43; pp. 357–60
The Treachery of Ganelon and Roland's Death
Same, pp. 383–400

Very little is made of the episode which is the subject of the "Song of Roland" in this arrangement of stories, and many of the incidents are so connected with the romantic side of chivalry that if this cycle of stories is used it should be with seventh and eighth grades rather than with the younger children.

The Cid

The great Spanish hero is a military hero, and the subject not only of two epics but of ballads besides. He appears as a very human hero with many human weaknesses, doubtless the result of the fact that much of his history was recorded in epic form not long after his death, for he was a historical personage as well as a literary hero.

But in spite of his scheming, his desire to secure much of this world's goods for himself, his wanton desertion of all but those of his own faith, he is the product of that time, a hero of the battle-field and of the day when "might makes right," and it was well to find a champion for the right, strong and daring enough to make it might.

Charles Sprague Smith says:

"The Cid, a man not of princely birth, through the exercise of virtues which his time esteemed — courage and shrewdness — had won for himself from the Moors an independent principality. Legend will have begun to color and transform his exploits already during his lifetime. Some fifty years later he had become the favorite hero of popular songs. It is probable that

these songs (*cantares*) were at first brief tales in rude metrical form; and that the epic poems, dating about 1200, used them as sources.

"The 'Poem of My Cid' is probably the earliest monument of Spanish literature. It is also in our opinion the noblest expression, so far as character are concerned, . . . of the entire mediæval folk epic of Europe. However, in its simplicity, its characters are drawn with clearness, firmness, and concision, presenting a variety true to nature. The spirit which breathes in it is of a noble, well-rounded humanity, a fearless, gentle courage, a manly, modest self-reliance; an unswerving loyalty, simple trust toward country, king, kinsmen, and friends; a child-faith in God, 'slightly tinged with superstition.' While based on history, for the Cid lived from about 1045 to 1099, this epic is yet largely legendary. 'The poem opens with the departure of the hero from Bivar and describes his Moorish campaigns, culminating with his conquest of Valencia.'"

A second epic, called "The Chronicle of the Cid," of a later date, gives the main story of his life, but much of it is legendary and traditional.

Southey has translated "The Poem of My Cid," "The Chronicle of the Cid," and the popular Ballads or Romances, and united them to form one story. It is this text which Mr. Calvin Dill Wilson has used as the basis of his book, "The Story of the Cid," the

most complete version of the epic which has been prepared for children's use.

It was my good fortune, when a child, to hear Mr. Smith tell the story of the Cid, the thrill and daring of whose spirit so fascinated me that it would seen an experience worth giving to every child.

The text of Wilson's "Story of the Cid" is given as the one to be used for telling the story because it is practically the only one available; but it will require a good deal of skill on the part of the story teller to handle the material in a manner necessary for an artistic rendering of the epic, because of the multiplicity of incidents and the constant changes of central theme.

As the epic is essentially military in character, it is wise to minimize the feminine element whenever it appears, and keep the cycle one of battle-field adventures.

STORIES OF THE CID

How Rodrigo Avenged his Father and Saw a Leper

WILSON. Story of the Cid, pp. 1–35

(Make a short introduction giving explanation of political conditions in Spain and the claimants to the throne.)

How Rodrigo was Knighted and Received the Name of "The Cid"

Same, pp. 35–42

Death of the King and Division of the Kingdom

Same, pp. 43–71

(Shorten the division of the Kingdom as much as possible and make more of the siege of Zamora and its results.)

Banishment of the Cid

Same, pp. 72–87

The Cid's Successes in the Land of the Moors

Same, pp. 88–99

The Cid Returns to the Aid of the King

Same, pp. 113–29

(Condense Chapter IX into two or three sentences, giving the conditions of his return.)

Siege and Capture of Valencia

Same, pp. 131–66

How the Cid Lived and Ruled in Valencia

Same, pp. 166–92

How the Cid Gave his Daughters in Marriage

Same, pp. 208–18

The Cowardice of his Sons-in-law and their Punishment

Same, pp. 218–72. (Condense.)

The Combat

Same, pp. 278–86

Death of the Cid and Honors Paid him

Same, pp. 297–313

Frithjof

(*Pronounced Free-ti-off*)

Like the Robin Hood ballads, we cannot technically class the Frithjof Saga with epic literature; yet, like those ballads, the saga sprung from the heart of the people, and represents the Norse life before the introduction of Christianity as truly as any epic. It has many of the characteristics of the epic in its national drawing, its central hero, its elements of unrest and craving for adventure; and its race spirit is so strong that, when the Swedish national poet, Esaias Tegner, clothed it in poetic form, it made a place for itself at once almost as an epic of that country. Longfellow has given us a translation of his work, Magnusson and Morris a translation of the saga, and both will do much to make the story teller feel in sympathy with the Icelandic atmosphere.

The saga must be told with great care to preserve the marks of its origin, the feelings and customs of the land of its birth, and at the same time to emphasize the stirring adventure rather than the romance, for this is

one of the hero stories where there is a heroine as well as a hero.

The development of the hero's character, his devotion to his word, his loyalty to his friends, and his willingness to atone for the wrong of his youth, make him a worthy subject for a great hero tale.

Ragozin's "Frithjof" may be used as a text book for preparing the narrative, and an arrangement of eight stories will cover the ground of the saga.

STORIES OF FRITHJOF

Frithjof's Youth and Meeting with Ingeborg
RAGOZIN, Frithjof, pp. 3–32

(Condense Chapter I; in Chapter II, quote advice of the King, "Graciousness becomes a king as flower-wreaths a shield; and a spring's mild breath opens the earth, which wintry frost but hardens. Choose one to trust, and look not for another; for what is known to three will soon be known to all." Also, advice of Thorsten, "Frithjof, turn thee from evil, bend thy will to what is good and noble, and do right. Thus wilt thou not have lived in vain." Bring out only striking characteristics of the heirlooms, p. 17, foot of pp. 18–19; omit pp. 20–22. Condense pp. 27–29 into two or three sentences and begin last paragraph p. 29, making a statement simply that he asked for her hand.)

King Ring
Same, pp. 33–42
The Departure
Same, pp. 43–62
(Touch very delicately on the scene in Balder's grove; make strong point of his loyalty to his word: "I would not buy Valhalla's joys by a lie, certainly not those of earth.")
The Open Seas
Same, pp. 63–79
Frithjof's Return
Same, pp. 79–91
Frithjof the Viking at King Ring's Court
Same, pp. 92–110
(Children will enjoy the Viking's Code, pp. 95–6.)
Frithjof's Test
Same, pp. 108–21
The Atonement
Same, pp. 122–39

The Odyssey

The presentation of the Odyssey, as has already been suggested, will gain very much if it follows a course in Greek mythological stories. There may be some who will feel that it should also be preceded by the stories from the Iliad, but this does not seem necessary, at least in any detailed fashion. The Iliad requires the grasp of the mature mind

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to give it the unity which makes the story convincing, and its theme, warlike though it is, yet has a cause so outside the experience of children that they are confused by its intricacies, and their sympathies are divided between victor and vanquished. The development of the plot is too retarded, and the action too slow to arouse their enthusiasm for the epic as a whole. It would seem wiser to use it as a source for incidental stories, or not to consider it at all before the high school, except as a background for the story of Ulysses. James Baldwin has given a splendid introduction to the Odyssey in his "Story of the Golden Age," and it might be a very desirable thing under some conditions to tell a group of stories selected from that volume, before beginning the Odyssey.

It is not difficult to see why this great story of adventure is so popular with the children who know it, for while the motive of Ulysses' return home gives continuity to the cycle, the adventures are very adaptable for short stories, and their grotesque and humorous character is exactly suited to the child's point of view. Ulysses, too, has qual-

ities which mark him as the child's hero; his great strength itself is convincing, and, coupled with that, his activity, his readiness and ability to undertake and conquer any difficulty, his inventiveness and resourcefulness, his daring and dexterity in battle or personal combat, his love of home, endear him to children's hearts.

This is one of the places where we have such an excellent translation of the original in Professor George Herbert Palmer's "The Odyssey of Homer," that it seems almost unnecessary to suggest any adaptation for our purpose. There are several authors who have done very excellent work in preparing versions of the Odyssey for children's reading, but the new edition of Mr. Church's work, "The Odyssey for Boys and Girls," is on the whole the most satisfactory for the story teller.

STORIES FROM THE ODYSSEY

Adventures of Ulysses with the Cyclops

CHURCH. Odyssey for Boys and Girls, pp. 15–30
(This gives in a few words of explanation the situation to the close of the Trojan War.)

PALMER. Odyssey of Homer, pp. 130–46

The Adventure at the Home of the Winds and the Palace of Circe
CHURCH, pp. 33–45
PALMER, pp. 147–64

The Sirens and the Monsters Scylla and Charybdis
CHURCH, pp. 49–62
PALMER, pp. 185–98

What Happened in Ithaca and the Search for Ulysses
CHURCH, pp. 67–128. (Condense.)
PALMER, pp. 1–71. (Condense.)

An Island Prison and a Shipwreck
CHURCH, pp. 63, 131–41
PALMER, pp. 72–87

Ulysses Finds a Princess Washing Clothes
CHURCH, pp. 145–56
PALMER, pp. 88–98

Ulysses at the Court of Alcinous
CHURCH, pp. 159–76
PALMER, pp. 99–128

Ulysses' Welcome at Ithaca
CHURCH, pp. 179–211
PALMER, pp. 199–262. (Condense.)

Ulysses at Home
CHURCH, pp. 215–52. (Condense.)
PALMER, pp. 262–327. (Condense.)

Trial by Bow
CHURCH, pp. 255–77
PALMER, pp. 328–57

The End of a Hero's Adventures
CHURCH, pp. 281–308
PALMER, pp. 358–87

King Arthur

The story of King Arthur has been told so many times and in so many languages that it can scarcely be said to belong to any nation exclusively, nor to represent the epic in its technical sense, yet no group of hero stories would be complete without it. Malory's "Morte D'Arthur" is far too long to be covered in a single cycle of stories, and it is an illustration of material which can be told to bring out the side of adventure and battle, or the romance and ethical significance of chivalry, as Tennyson has done in "The Idyls of the King."

The King Arthur story is difficult to handle because, while it bears the name of a single hero, it really embraces cycles of stories within a cycle, each with a hero who is for the time an absorbing interest. For this reason it would be well, perhaps, for the story teller, after a few stories concerning the establishment of the Round Table, to choose the stories which concern some one hero, and tell a group about Launcelot, Percival, Merlin (who is a very fascinating character to

most children), Tristram, or Galahad and the Grail story.

There are a few stories which present single adventures of different knights, and these, with the incidents connected with Arthur's boyhood and the beginning of the Round Table, will serve to give a general idea of the character of the Morte D'Arthur as a whole.

For such a purpose Macleod's "King Arthur and his Noble Knights" offers either a very good text for the story teller, or a book which is easily read by the children themselves.

Radford's "King Arthur and his Knights" has an introductory chapter which is valuable because it gives a good picture of the conditions of chivalry, which ought to be familiar to the child before he can really enjoy the stories, and is a simple version of the story as well.

If the story teller can obtain Sidney Lanier's "Boy's King Arthur," or Howard Pyle's three volumes, "King Arthur and his Knights," "The Champions of the Round Table," and "The Story of Launce-

lot and his Companions," they will be a great help and inspiration, besides giving him very successfully the atmosphere of the original.

The interest which the picture of Sir Galahad by Watts and the series of paintings in the Boston Public Library of the Grail story have roused in many children as well as older people, creates a desire to know the continuous story of Sir Galahad and his quest for the Holy Grail; and such a series of stories may be taken from the book of Mary Blackwell Sterling, called "The Story of Sir Galahad."

Perhaps no epic, if epic we call it, offers so great an opportunity to combine the charm of adventure with high ideals as do these King Arthur stories. The standards set of loyalty, obedience, devotion to high causes, purity, strength, and courage which must always protect the weak and needy, manliness and justice, faithfulness to trust and to honor — these are virtues which are ideals for every boy and every girl as well as every man and woman.

Mr. Howard Pyle has expressed the in-

spiration which this great work has for us all in his foreword to the "Story of King Arthur." "For when, in pursuing this history, I have come to consider the high nobility of spirit that moved these excellent men to act as they did, I have felt that they have afforded such a perfect example of courage and humility that anyone might do exceedingly well to follow after their manner of behavior in such measure as he is able to do."

"For I believe that King Arthur was the most honorable, gentle knight who ever lived in all the world. And those who were his fellows of the Round Table — taking him as their looking-glass of chivalry — made, altogether, such a company of noble knights that it is hardly to be supposed that their like will ever be seen again in this world. Wherefore it is that I have such extraordinary pleasure in beholding how those famous knights behaved whenever circumstances called upon them to perform their endeavor."

KING ARTHUR

How Arthur Became King and how he Won his Sword
MACLEOD. King Arthur and his Noble Knights, pp. 1–13, 21–30
RADFORD. King Arthur and his Knights, pp. 11–25, 29–34

A Great Feast and a Great Battle
MACLEOD. King Arthur, pp. 14–21
RADFORD. King Arthur, pp. 35–48

The Marriage of Guinevere and King Arthur and the Founding of the Round Table
MACLEOD. King Arthur, pp. 31–35
RADFORD. King Arthur, pp. 49–72

King Arthur and Sir Accalon
MACLEOD. King Arthur, pp. 35–55
RADFORD. King Arthur, pp. 142–52

How King Arthur Fought with a Giant
MACLEOD. King Arthur, pp. 55–63
RADFORD. King Arthur, pp. 152–59

Sir Brune
RADFORD. King Arthur, pp. 171–92

Sir Ivaine
RADFORD. King Arthur, pp. 99–119

Sir Balin
RADFORD. King Arthur, pp. 120–30

Sir Gareth the "Kitchen Boy"
MACLEOD. King Arthur, pp. 101–43
RADFORD. King Arthur, pp. 73–98

Adventure of Sir Geraint and the Fair Enid
RADFORD. King Arthur, pp. 131–41

Sir Launcelot and his Friends
MACLEOD. King Arthur, pp. 63–89, 96–101
RADFORD. King Arthur, pp. 199–212
Sir Tristram
MACLEOD. King Arthur, pp. 143–67
How Sir Tristram Came to Camelot
MACLEOD. King Arthur, pp. 168–78
The Quest of the Holy Grail
MACLEOD. King Arthur, pp. 292–354. (Divid into at least two stories.)
RADFORD. King Arthur, pp. 243–59
Death of King Arthur
MACLEOD. King Arthur, pp. 368–83
RADFORD. King Arthur, pp. 260–68

There are many other selections which are perhaps equally good, but these concern themselves more with the activities of the knights, and so are of special interest as introductory stories for fifth, sixth, and even seventh grades.

Many of the adventures of Tristram are full of the story of La Belle Iseult, many of those relating to Sir Launcelot have to do with Guinevere, such as "How Launcelot Saved the Queen," or they are very romantic in character, like that of "Launcelot and the Lily-maid of Astolat," and for that reason will be found to be vastly more accept-

able to the older children. It has been my experience that the younger boys and girls rather resent the introduction of Vivien and Morgan le Fay into the stories, and prefer to skip the tales in which they figure.

Leon Gautier's "Chivalry," translated by Henry Frith, will be very helpful to the story teller for the purpose of acquainting himself with the costumes, manners, and customs of the days of chivalry. The more familiar one is with armor, battlements, moats, and drawbridges, the easier it is to have a clear mental picture as one tells the story, and the easier it will be to make a vivid and realistic picture in the mind of the listener.

As we made use of the ballads in the story-hour devoted to Robin Hood, so it would seem a happy thing to associate the poetry of Tennyson with these stories. This is not at all difficult to do, for the swing of the lines makes them seem almost like the beat of horses' hoofs, or the clang of armor.

What boy or girl is there who will not delight to hear —

"Strike for the King and die! And if thou diest,
The King is king, and ever wills the highest,
Clang battleaxe and clash brand! Let the King reign.

The King will follow Christ, and we the King,
In whom high God hath breathed a secret thing,
Fall battleaxe, and flash brand! Let the King reign."

I shall never forget the face of one lad who had learned what knighthood really meant in the conquest of himself, as he rose one day and told the story of the Round Table and closed by repeating the oath which the knights made.

"To reverence the King, as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity."

Rustem

(*Pronounced Roo-stem*)

One of the great advantages to be derived from an acquaintance with literature is the familiarity with places, the customs of the

people, and their manner of expressing themselves which great books are sure to give. For this reason a child unconsciously gains more than the joy of the story from a reading of the Arabian Nights, and great care ought to be taken in the selection of the versions of the classics which are given to children, to make sure that they preserve the atmosphere of the story as well as a merely accurate recital of the incidents of the plot.

Some people tell a story, Norse or Indian, Greek or Persian, with exactly the same style and use of language, and the result is a definite loss to the hearer.

It is a great pity if a child is limited in his reading to the works of one nation, and is not allowed to become acquainted with a wide variety of literatures, and to feel the difference in the point of view of the Occident and the Orient, the familiar characteristics of grotesqueness and strength in the literature of the North, the subtle humor and beauty of the German legends, the persistent note of tragedy in the stories of Japan, and so to possess himself of his literary inheritance.

It is fortunate that recently there have been published two books giving the great Persian epic Shah-Nameh in versions for children. One of them, "The Story of Rustem," by Elizabeth Renninger, is the outcome of her own use of the stories in a boys' club of the Bushwick Branch of the Brooklyn Public Library; and the other is E. M. Wilmot-Buxton's "Stories of Persian Heroes." Both books present the story in an admirable manner, but Miss Renninger's conforms more nearly to the style and language of the Oriental story teller. Long descriptions and epithets keep one constantly in touch with the "feeling" which the original has; and the conversation, with its compliment and inevitable flattery and circuitous mode of expression, is a constant reminder that the listener is in the East, where there is no haste and where a story must never be allowed to suffer by thoughtless condensation.

The book as it stands will be rather long for the average time which can be given to a single cycle of stories, as there are twenty-two stories in all, but there is enough variety

in the stories so that they would be interesting for two courses; and if they were used in this way the book as it stands is very well suited to the needs of the story teller.

The stories which are directly connected with Rustem have been used with seventh and eighth grades, and with high school pupils, and I have found they were delighted with them. The detail and description which would be tiresome to younger children has a charm of its own for these older ones, but the stories as given in print will have to be condensed somewhat for telling, in almost every case.

STORIES OF RUSTEM

Rustem, the Wonder Child
RENNINGER. The Story of Rustem, pp. 83–94
Rustem, the Young Warrior
Same, pp. 95–119
Seven Labors of Rustem
Same, pp. 120–60. (Condense.)
Rustem the Pehliva
Same, pp. 161–74. (Omit Rustem's romance.)
Sohrab the Youth
Same, pp. 193–212. (Condense.)
Wrath of Rustem
Same, pp. 212–29

Combat of Sohrab against Rustem
Same, pp. 230–57
How Rustem Trained Siawush and Avenged him
Same, pp. 259–78
Later Feats of Rustem
Same, pp. 302–23
Story of Isfendiyar
Same, pp. 324–54
Death of Rustem
Same, pp. 355–61

Beowulf

(*Pronounced Bā'-ō-wulf*)

In the preface to the translation of the Volsunga Saga by Magnusson and Morris, these words are found: "May it no longer be said to our shame, that Americans, Germans, and Englishmen hold in higher esteem the story of Greek, Roman, or Persian conquerors, the deeds of alien people, than the heroism, the mythology, the poetic grandeur of our ancient Gothic forebears, whose language, fables, nursery-tales and minstrelsy are inseparable components of our literature, our laws, and our liberties."

The great Anglo-Saxon epic Beowulf is one of the possessions which thus peculiarly

belong to us, and which we cherish on this account, as well as because it has those wonderful qualities of freshness and action, unspoiled by the taint of complicated civilizations. It gives to us just that sense of freedom which we breathe in with such joy when we run away from the city on a spring morning and find that the tonic of the air in crowded streets was after all but a poor imitation of what it is under the trees of real country lanes. The hero who so willingly offers himself to rid a people of its demon enemy, whether symbolic as some claim, is one whose spirit should be cultivated in the Anglo-Saxon of this present day.

It is so short that it is almost possible to tell it in a single story, but that requires a condensation which robs it of some of its picturesqueness and portrayal of life in those early days. The style of the original is very concise and should receive a little elaboration for a telling version. Marshall's "Stories of Beowulf," or Ragozin's "Siegfried and Beowulf," have been selected as the foundation for this series of stories.

STORIES FROM BEOWULF

Beowulf Comes to Daneland
- RAGOZIN. Siegfried and Beowulf, pp. 219–44
- MARSHALL. Stories of Beowulf, pp. 1–33

The Combat with Grendel
- RAGOZIN, pp. 244–59
- MARSHALL, pp. 35–46

Grendel Avenged
- RAGOZIN, pp. 259–74
- MARSHALL, pp. 46–62

Beowulf's Return to his Own Land
- RAGOZIN, pp. 275–93
- MARSHALL, pp. 63–75

Beowulf's Victory and Death
- RAGOZIN, pp. 294–322. (Condense pp. 312–22 to a few sentences.)
- MARSHALL, pp. 76–114. (Condense pp. 103–14 to a few sentences.)

SIGURD

Last of all our epic tales to be considered are the Volsunga Saga of Iceland, and the Nibelungenlied of Germany. Very little has been done to give these great works to children, though many writers have concerned themselves with telling the story as Wagner composed it as a background for his music. He drew from the Icelandic and the German

versions of the story, and made one in many ways quite his own; Chapin in "The Story of the Rhinegold," Frost in the "Wagner Story Book," Barber in the "Wagner Opera Stories," McSpadden in the "Stories from Wagner," and many others have given this story as Wagner told it; but that is neither the Saga nor the Nibelungenlied.

It seems wise to know our literature before we know our music story, since the latter really is indebted to the former, and is of a character to appeal to the adolescent rather than the child. Both the Wagner story and the Nibelungenlied are much better suited to the period which is marked by a beginning of the interest in romance, for they are lacking in the simpler, sterner qualities of the Norse story.

The Volsunga Saga was composed probably sometime during the twelfth century "from floating traditions, from songs which, now lost, were then known, at least in fragments, to the saga-man; and finally from songs, which, written down about that time are still existing" in the Elder Edda.

Sparling says, in the introduction of the

translation of the Volsunga Saga by Eirikr Magnusson and William Morris:

"Every people find some one means of expression which more than all else suits their mood or powers, and this the Icelanders found in the saga. This was the life of a hero told in prose, but in set form, after a regular fashion that unconsciously complied with all epical requirements but that of verse — a simple plot, events in order of time, set phrases for even the shifting emotions or changeful fortune of a fight or a storm, and careful avoidance of digression, comment, or putting forward by the narrator of aught but the theme he has in hand; he himself is never seen.

"In very truth the saga is a prose epic, and marked by every quality an epic should possess. Where the saga, as this one of the Volsungs, is founded upon the débris of songs and poems, even the very old tales of mythological heroes, of men quite removed from the personal knowledge of the narrator, yet the story is so inwound with the traditions of his race, is so much a part of his thought-life, that every actor in it has for him a real existence. At the feast or gathering, or by the fireside, as men made nets and women spun, these tales were told over; in their frequent repetition, by men who believed them, though incident or sequence underwent no change, they would become closer knit, more coherent, and each an organic whole. Gradually they would take a regular and accepted form, which would ease the strain upon the reciter's memory and leave his mind free to adorn the story with fair devices, that again gave help in making it easier to remember, and these aided in its presentation."

"Of all the stories kept in being by the saga-tellers and left for our delight, there is none that so epitomises human experience; has within so much of nature and of life; so fully expresses the temper and genius of the Northern folk as that of the Volsungs and the Nibelungs, which has in varied shapes entered into the literature of many lands. In the beginning there is no doubt that the story belonged to the common ancestral folk of all the Teutonic or Scando-Gothic peoples in the earliest days of their wanderings. The oldest shape in which we have it is in the Eddaic poems, some of which date from unnumbered generations before the time to which most of them are ascribed, the time of the Viking kingdoms in the Western-Isles. Of the Eddaic songs only fragments now remain, but ere they perished there arose from them a saga," *i. e.*, the Volsung Saga. "The so-called Anglo-Saxons brought part of the story to England in Beowulf, in which also appear some incidents that are again given in the Icelandic saga of Grettier the Strong. Most widely human is the form taken by the story in the hands of an unknown mediæval German poet, who, from the broken ballads then surviving, wrote the Nibelungenlied.

"The whole of the earlier part of the story has disappeared, and though Siegfried (Sigurd) has slain a dragon, there is nothing to connect it with the fate that follows the treasure; Andvari, the Volsungs, Fafner, and Regin are all forgotten; the mythological features have become faint, and the general air of the whole is that of mediæval romance. The curse of Andvari, which in the saga is grimly real, working itself out with slow, sure steps that no form of god

or man can turn aside, in the mediæval poem is but mere scenic effect . . . that has no obvious relation to the working out of the plot, or fulfilment of their destiny by the different characters. Brynhild loses a great deal and is a poor creature when compared with herself in the saga; Grimheld and the fateful drink have gone . . . but Sigurd (Siegfried), the central figure, although he has lost by the omission of so much of his life, is, as before, the embodiment of all the virtues that were so dear to Northern hearts. Brave, strong, generous, dignified, and utterly truthful, he moves amid a tangle of tragic events, overmastered by a mighty fate and in life or death is still a hero without stain or flaw."

Certain it is that, though this story is marked by motives and passions of the time before Christianity had softened men's hearts, it presents to us a people valorous, liberty-loving, intellectual and civil, whose speech and laws and customs have influenced our own to a remarkable degree.

If it seems desirable to give the story as the German people told it, a good text will be found in Ragozin's "Siegfried and Beowulf," but my own feeling is that the Norse version recommends itself much more to the story teller's art.

The translation of the saga already referred to is considered authoritative; while a

feeling has been expressed by some that when Morris rendered the saga into verse in his "Sigurd the Volsung," he lost much of the old Norse feeling and characteristics. Others of equally good discrimination claim that his own love for the original was his safeguard, and that he has reproduced the spirit and the fire of those rude old days in a marvellous manner.

Sarah Bradish has in her turn retold this epic from the verse of Morris's "Sigurd the Volsung," in a small volume called "Old Norse Stories." The first half of the book is devoted to the Norse mythological stories, and she has made many quotations from the verse which may well be used in the stories as they are told.

STORIES FROM THE VOLSUNGA SAGA

Sigmund Wins the Sword
BRADISH. Old Norse Stories, p. 122, and last paragraph, p. 129

Visit to the Goths
Same, pp. 129–36

Sigmund and Sinfiotli
Same, p. 138, last paragraph to 141 (The Mere-wolves); omit to last paragraph 143; continue to 2d paragraph 147; omit from 147 to 154 (Death of Sigmund); continue 154 to 158

Death of Sigmund and Birth of Sigurd
Same, pp. 158–67
Regin's Story
Same, pp. 168–77
Forging of the Sword
Same, pp. 178–88
Brynhild
Same, pp. 189–92
Gudrun's Dreams
Same, pp. 193–202
Sigurd and the Nibelungs
Same, pp. 203–14
Wooing of Brynhild
Same, pp. 210–22
Death of Sigurd
Same, pp. 223–34

The books which have been given as those suited for use by the story teller have been recommended also with the thought that they will supply the demand of the children for something to read, which should follow a story-hour.

The sequence in which these epics are to be presented has not been considered in the order in which they are here listed. What will be the fitting introduction to the classic hero tales will depend somewhat on the environment where the stories are given, and also on the age of the children who listen, as

well as the personal inclination of the story teller. It may be wise to use only one cycle, or it may be desirable to give several, provided a sufficient time elapses between, so that the stories do not become confused.

It is possible to group the epics according to subject, — the martial epic, the epic of adventure, the epic of romance, and so on; but the importance of such grouping is in the fact that the children who are leaving their Indians and primitive life behind will be interested in the heroes who are warriors first and foremost; who will be interested later in single adventure, and only at the last of the period will be inclined to consider the epic when the element of romance is evident to any degree.

After what has been said it will hardly be necessary to remind the story teller that the child of the rural community and small town is in many respects quite a different problem from the child of the great city, especially if the latter was but recently a foreigner; and nationality will play a part in the instinctive appeal of certain stories with children whose inheritance they rightly are.

CHAPTER VIII

INSPIRATIONAL INFLUENCE OF BOOKS IN THE LIFE OF CHILDREN

IN the midst of problems and conflicting responsibilities it is not surprising that one often hears a sigh for the "Golden Age of Childhood" — for the time when there are no cares, when all is freedom, fun and frolic.

But as we look about us at the children of today, would any of us truly wish to be a modern child if he could? You gasp! Is not this the era of the child? Is it not the time, above all others, when the first consideration is for him, when his needs are met before he realizes them, when his desires have only to be expressed to find gratification? Is he not the center about which modern society moves? Are not laws made for him, moneys appropriated to be devoted to his service, lands set aside for his use? Are not the most scholarly studying him, the most alert observing him, the most carefully trained ministering to him? Has he not

come to have even a commercial value to the state, so that he is protected and cared for as an asset? Certainly all these conditions are true or partially true, but who would exchange his own childhood for that of a child of today?

Did we not have more leisure, did not imagination thrive better unobserved, were we not more resourceful, since the resources of adults were not ours to command? Would we change the companionship of the most interesting of mothers for that of any kindergartener, or the firm, even justice of the father who had learned his lessons of obedience before he exacted them, for the discipline of any school?

We jumped from the wood-pile because a ship was burning, and swung from the rafters of the barn because an invisible audience was ready to applaud the wonderful performance of the "World's Greatest Lady Gymnast." What would we have thought of directed play?

Sometimes we made bold to venture to the public library — it was not nearly so enticing as a certain book-case at home filled with

a very miscellaneous collection of volumes. We pulled them down one after another until the one was found; we returned again and again, and though we were sure we had looked at every one, we wondered why it was that the green book we never had cared to read before, now looked so very entertaining. What would we have thought of graded lists? We did not need them — these books found their way into our consciousness to inspire and uplift, apparently without effort on anyone's part. How did it happen?

What is it that enables a book to be inspirational to anyone? Is it not when he comes upon the thought of the author unhampered by a preconceived notion of it, unprejudiced by what someone else thinks of it, and uninfluenced by the sense of what he ought to think about it? If a book speaks straight to the heart, or to the head, firing the enthusiasm, or stimulating the thought, is not that inspirational influence? And to how many children of this day have books thus spoken? Is it because they lack the atmosphere of freedom in making the acquaintance, which alone makes inspiration

possible, or is it because the children's book of today does not suggest thought? A teacher of literature once told me it was her custom to ask her students about the books they had read as children, and she found that never more than two or three in a large class expressed any enthusiasm; many could not remember anything about the books they had read. Experiments in library schools furnish almost identical results. To comparatively few do the years of childhood seem to have been in the least vital — they leave no clear impressions of what they felt or thought about people and things — no experiences stand out as significant — and the book-life, if there was any, has left but a blur.

Once, long ago, an old house stood beneath the sheltering branches of huge oaks and slender elms. Within its walls, a simple family history lived itself into reality, found its way into the world, and returned again to rekindle its fires at the hearth where they had first been lighted.

Activity characterized the life of the house, from the business interests of the tall

soldier father and the many sided talents of the mother who administered the affairs of the household and was its poet and seer of visions also, down to the youngest of its children, who arose in the morning with the question, "What shall we do now?"

It was not, however, the activity which made the atmosphere significant. It was not that which gave it vitality and immortality in the lives of those who came in touch with it. It was, rather, that they felt the cultural things came first, the things of the spirit were esteemed the real things; that books containing life-giving ideals and lasting thoughts were among the assets of the home to be most prized and made most one's own. That high ideals and great thoughts had already enriched the lives of those of maturer years, made them interpreters of value, and the children, whoever they might be, unconsciously felt that here were people who knew books, not as superficial acquaintances, but as friends, tried and valued.

When the lights began to spring into being through the village, an atmosphere of

expectancy was evident in the old-fashioned living-room, as of good things to come, and the final household duties were completed with haste, that the hour of reading before bed-time might be made as long as possible. It was an hour all shared, and the interest of the reading was enhanced by the gentle voice of the reader. There were times when the tale seemed a trifle beyond the grasp of some — there *must* have been times when it took the heart of childhood to find absorbing interest in the very simple stories.

But the memories of those experiences, themselves like books, one and all recite their stories, some more vividly, some less so.

Many of these book friends are now reported "out of print" and have been for years — some of them were the old friends of the Mother. "Scottish Chiefs" had fired the boyhood enthusiasm of the Father. But they can never be quite "out of print" while battered copies stand on the shelf to be taken down and read to those who follow after.

There never has been in all the multitude of animal books published one which de-

served to be a greater favorite than "The Life of a Bear." It was when these children of the house were wee folk, they followed step by step the delightful adventures of Martin from his babyhood in the mountain-cave, his lessons in woodcraft and worldly wisdom, to his coming of age, his ventures into the vineyards and among the cattle, and at last his capture. There was such pleasure in knowing a family of wild creatures so intimately, even if the sympathy with Martin was a little too keen when he played the role of dancing bear, finished his days in the zoo, and achieved immortality in the museum. If the book was intended to give any information, it certainly did not burden any with passages to be skipped, but left a delightful feeling with all that they would like to know more, not only about bears, but about other folk, commonly spoken of as "wild beasts," who live in strange places. Whether it was the *expression* of such an interest, I do not know, but "Little Folks in Feathers and Fur" was the companion chosen for a visit made about this time to the grandmother's farm. Scientists have pronounced

this book hopelessly unsound — but why listen to their ranting, since they will not write?

Someone has said that children care for the books that touch their own lives directly in some fashion or other — fairy tales appealing to the child who is constantly making excursions into imaginary realms, realistic stories to the child who is limited by his inability to "make believe" and cares only to see himself mirrored with slight variations in what he reads. Perhaps the unusual children combine the two in their more catholic tastes, and revel not only in imaginative literature, but in touches of realism as well.

"The Story of Dollikins" was a small oblong book bound in red, and it came from England, which accounted, we believe, for the unfamiliar scenes and costumes in the illustrations. But oh, what joy to hear of the adventures of a doll who was ill and went to the seashore — whose wardrobe was more elegant than the ladies in real life, and who was made to do so many things it was possible to imitate. Was that the charm,

too, of the "Lucy Books" that had belonged to the Mother? Or was it that she had been inspired by them to learn her letters by pricking all the o's with a wax-headed pin, as Lucy did, and had actually seen an apple cooking as it twirled on a string before the fire?

It was not alone to the children of the home that the book world was opened. Each week a "wriggling, furniture-scratching mob of boys," as one of them recently expressed it, appeared for a chapter from "The Boys of '61," Dickens' "Child's History of England," "Page, Squire and Knight," "The Little Duke," Knox's "Boy Travelers," and other favorites. That these hours were full of inspiration was evidenced by the persistent attendance at the time, and not less by the worn volumes which have been read and re-read to other boys in their turn. From every corner of the country grown men have stopped at the old house as they journeyed on affairs of business, to say "We have not forgotten those old days, when you used to read to us. How did you ever stick it out with such a noisy bunch?"

I have sometimes wondered why I never take up an "Arabian Nights" without feeling a consciousness of heat, and summer days, and light sifting through closed green blinds? Perhaps it is not so strange, since the surroundings, however incidental, have a way of reproducing themselves as the backgrounds of our memories.

In the old living-room, near the fireplace, there was a walnut table with spindle legs and shelves which held books tightly arranged in rows. They were most of them "grown-up" books — "Pilgrim's Progress" lay on the top. It had an embossed cover and conventional flowered borders in blue or pink, and on Sunday afternoons this great book was taken down and could be read when other books about giants and ogres were forbidden. What the difference was I never knew — but was subconsciously grateful that there was a difference.

On the first shelf, next three small blue volumes of Tennyson, stood the faded and dingy, and "fat" "Arabian Nights" close fellow to "Baron Munchausen," with the picture of the horse with the stream of

water flowing through his severed body. This edition of "Arabian Nights" must have been nearly complete, the print was very fine, and the few colored illustrations crude but through an entire summer of long, hot days, it furnished constant and unceasing entertainment and delight to the girl friends who haunted the old house. Heat and discomfort were forgotten as scenes of magic filled the hours, and genii, enchanted princes, beautiful princesses, caves filled with gold and jewels held the listeners spell-bound with their charms. "Tales of a Caravan Inn and Palace" was almost as engaging and possessed the added fascination of making us "shiver" — like the Doré illustrations in the "Ancient Mariner."

"Little Men" was a perfect find. It had the advantage, too, of being somewhat of a surprise, for, by some binder's slip, it stood in a cover labeled "Old-Fashioned Girl." One day, when everything had failed to interest, and every book had been read at "least a thousand times," we stumbled on it and began to read. It was a perfect revelation — for such a life was undreamed

of even, and we read every chapter with cumulative enjoyment. I shall never forget the sensations that were mine as I listened to the chapter called "Patty-Pans" which recounted the installation of a tiny kitchen as part of the playroom, where the children cooked real dinners, and had all manner of fun. We sat on the porch floor with our backs against the great front door — I remember because everyone had to walk around us to get in. One read, then another; we could not wait for breath to proceed, and we could not bear to finish.

Who does not remember his first poetry? Certainly he could never forget it, if it had been read to him by a poet and looking back through the years the voice with its music and soft cadences sounds again, he sees the light in the eyes, that look which he only half understood, he can almost feel his hand stealing again to his throat (he did not know why it felt so strange), and he realizes it is to the reader of his first poems that he owes his love of the greatest of all literature. Perhaps there are those who never experienced a break in their love

of verse, but many children drop poetry with their fairy tales, and nothing ever seems to revive their interest in it. It was during the dark ages when poetry was a thing abhorred, that I sat on the floor under an old-fashioned grand piano, where the reading aloud of poetry had driven me to other amusements. Disappointment at being thus self-banished left an ear half conscious of what went on — and suddenly into that consciousness came the lines:

"Alone, but with unbated zeal,
That horseman plied the scourge and steel;
For jaded now, and spent with toil,
Emboss'd with foam, and dark with soil,
While every gasp with sobs he drew,
The laboring stag strain'd full in view.
Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed,
Unmatched for courage, breath and speed,
Fast on his flying traces came,
And all but won that desperate game,
For, scarce a spear's length from his haunch,
Vindictive toil'd the bloodhounds staunch;
Nor nearer might the dogs attain,
Nor farther might the quarry strain.

. . .

"The hunter mark'd that mountain high,
The lone lake's western boundary,
And deem'd the stag must turn to bay,
Where that huge rampart barr'd the way;

Already glorying in the prize
Measur'd his antlers with his eyes."

It was a story! Then even that despised poetry might be endured, since, by patient listening such adventures could be enjoyed. Never again after "The Lady of the Lake" was persuasion to read poetry necessary. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Evangeline" with its long swinging lines, and "Miles Standish" were the next friends: after that I do not remember how they came, until, passing from childhood to youth, Shelley's "Skylark" and "Wild West Wind" solaced, and Byron was read, under protest, from cover to cover.

One day there was a birthday, and a whole row of books stood waiting for their places to be found. They were all bound alike, and all written by the same man, Sir Walter Scott by name, and they had titles which had no meaning at all. It was in the days before novels were "required reading" in the schools, that the Mother skipped the introduction and began the story of Ivanhoe. Dry, uninteresting, hard to read? Well perhaps — but none of the

children would have pronounced them hard to *listen* to. Here was a world unknown, a world that really had been, yet was as wonderful as the world of fairy princes. If tasks at school palled, playmates grew uninteresting, and there was "nothing to do," each brown book was an invitation to lose identity and become a Leicester, a Quentin Durward, or Richard-the-Lion-Heart. For the first time history was worth-while, simply because it touched these heroes, even though the connection may have been very slight.

If Mark Twain has been read again and again because he alone knew how to be funny, he certainly has not been less loved just for the simple art of story-telling. That the "Prince and the Pauper" "might have been true even if it wasn't true" was not needed as a justification in the preface, because you knew it must have been true; it could not sound that way if it wasn't true; it *was* true. You loved the Prince for his bravery, his sufferings, his fair treatment and gentle courtesy when sorest tried, you loved every description of courtly procedure and lavish display; you gloried in the growing courtli-

ness of the little pauper; in his quick adaptability and his resourcefulness in difficult situations you felt his princely character, and almost wept that he must lose his throne to keep his heritage of honor. Such was the hold of this book, that it was for years a resort in time of depression or convalescence from the numerous childish illnesses.

It is a wonderful thing to have written one real book that has brought joy to the heart of a child, real joy that lasts. Whether it is true, as we often hear, that every man has some one story he can tell successfully, it is certain that the single story for children which many a great author has allowed himself the pleasure of telling has a rare and enduring quality which few writers of children's books possess. It is difficult to analyze, but it touches children and grown people equally. One could never tell why we laughed at "The Rose and the Ring" or even at "Alice in Wonderland." But isn't it enough to know we slept better when we had heard them, and that we revelled in the nonsense like lambs in the green fields? How glad we are there were

no psychologists to investigate the cause of our merriment, and none in authority to demand that we tell whether we understood the wonderful symbolic meaning in "At the Back of the North Wind," or "The Princess and the Goblin." They gave us something like the same feeling that came with some of the stories we heard from the Bible — we felt the great Power leading ever to the light, and we wished someway, that we were better — though we could not have told why and we were not even sure it was anything in the stories that had made us feel so.

Surely there would come a protest from the very walls of the old rooms, they might of their own volition repeat the story of "Scrooge and Marley," if we forgot to give it place. For every Christmas, with the regularity of the stockings at the fire-place and the "little round-green-trees" in the window "The Christmas Carol" was read. Like Tiny Tim's "God bless us every one," it shed the blessing of unselfishness like a soft light over the simple Christmas festivities.

And are you wondering what all this has

to do with the "Inspirational Influence of Books in the Life of Children?" *Why* do children voluntarily read books? Some merely to pass the time, some because they find satisfaction in the act of reading, but, do not the majority read because the book suggests further mental activity? They are natural imitators, and the book supplies the material for dramatization, or portrays characteristics which seem admirable and stimulate to efforts at reproduction.

Are there not many more "Sentimental Tommys" than we have been conscious of, or willingly admitted?

Children are always *being* somebody. Sometimes this imitative tendency takes the form of playing the story, sometimes of impersonating the individual who has seemed heroic and sometimes merely trying to imitate the admired qualities.

I know a young girl who says she remembers that she was always acting as she thought people in books would have acted. She sat perched for hours in a most uncomfortable position in an apple-tree reading, because the heroine of a book she had read

made an impression by doing so. She was haughty or gracious, friendly or distant as the particular character she was impressed with at the time happened to be.

If a book influences and inspires such activity, it must be because it makes its impress with the clearness and vividness which come with the freedom and joy of spontaneous reading.

Inspiration is rarely bred of tasks imposed by authority, or of directed activity.

We have laughed Charles Lamb's "browsing" out of existence, and with the disappearance has gone the real opportunity to choose, to weigh and measure, which alone preserves originality, or stimulates the creative impulse, or gives the breath of inspiration to books. The sense of discovery is one of the chief elements of inspiration; but it is almost impossible to "discover" anything in the modern library — some wise librarian has already "found" and recorded it, and ticketed it for the individual who needs it. The importance of bringing all the resources of the library to the service of the public has become so deep a conviction that we may

need to remind ourselves that we do harm rather than the desired good, when we deprive children of the stimulating effort of seeking to find for themselves, and formulating independent judgments.

If the public library is to take the place of the ideal home where the recorded thoughts of those great minds who have gone before is part of the background of its children, where the association with people who have always understood, valued and loved books creates an unconscious receptivity and longing for the world of thought, then must we not preserve in the library as nearly as possible the elements which such a home represents?

Training is to make the enthusiasm and love of books efficient, but back of the training there must be the person who really values books as his most treasured and familiar friends, who with all his learning has never grown away from his fondness for them as he was fond of them in childhood.

Compulsory companionship, something we have to read, whether in the school or the library will never be a source of inspiration.

To quote the deductions of a young person from meditations on "why you never liked the books you had to read in school," "You can't get inspiration by having books shoved at you. Inspiration doesn't come in batches — it comes as it grows out of thinking about the books you have read. A difference of opinion with the teacher might spoil the teacher's whole plan for presenting her literature lesson, and make it impossible to point the moral she intended. Hence, quite unconsciously, any originality, any independent opinions, or unorthodox tastes were nipped in the bud."

The librarian may be just as guilty as the teacher of trying to impress her own tastes, standards, and appreciation on the public. It is not we who are to inspire but the books, so would it not be well if we had more faith in the power of thought to reach the consciousness longing for truth?

Only as the child can come to feel that they are his books, that he may read what he likes, pass by what does not attract, bring back a book half-read, like or dislike any or all, without even subconsciously suffering

from a sense of disapproval or failure to meet the expectations of a librarian — only then will his book life be a joy and so an inspiration. Our claim for the work with children has been that it is educational — but educating a taste for literature does not necessarily mean standardizing taste. Absolute uniformity is not desirable, nor can we even say that exact conformity to our own opinion is the ideal.

How do we dare say this is the book the boy in the slums *needs*, or that this book will release the child of the complacent suburbs from his bondage to indifference and *ennui*, or that this story peoples with heroes the unimaginative life of the child of the country?

Long ago the great Socrates said "All my good is magnetic, and I educate not by teaching, but by going about my daily business."

If we would rouse the latent love of nature, all we can do is to bring one where he may hear for himself —

> "What the sea has striven to say
> So long, and yearned up the cliffs to tell."

Where are our memories, what have we done with the book-life of our childhood? Did we have no inspirations to color our lives that we have so little understanding of the vital necessities in our children's rooms?

Only one who has felt for himself the inspiration of books — books of many kinds — who thrills still at the very names of his favorites, who knows the joy of finding a message for himself and so recognizes that the message he receives is not the only one, only such a one can ever place books where they may be an inspirational influence in the life of children.

LIST OF BOOKS SUGGESTED FOR THE STORY TELLER

(Some of the titles mentioned in this list are possibly out of print, and obtainable only from public libraries.)

ANDERSEN. Fairy Tales and Stories. Ill. by Tegner. Century.

ANDERSEN. Fairy Tales. Tr. by Mrs. Lucas. Dutton.

ANDERSEN. Wonder Stories. Houghton.

BALDWIN. Fifty Famous Stories. American Book Co.

BALDWIN. Discovery of the Old Northwest. American Book Co.

BALDWIN. Story of Roland. Scribner.

BALDWIN. Story of the Golden Age. Scribner.

BOLTON. Famous Leaders among Men. Crowell.

BOLTON. Lives of Poor Boys who Became Famous. Crowell.

BOUTET DE MONVEL. Joan of Arc. Century.

BRADISH. Old Norse Stories. American Book Co.

BROOKS. Historic Boys. Putnam.

BROWN. Book of Saints and Friendly Beasts. Houghton.

BROWN. In the Days of Giants. Houghton.

BRYANT. How to Tell Stories to Children. Houghton.

BRYANT. Stories to Tell to Children. Houghton.

CARNEGIE LIBRARY OF PITTSBURGH. Annotated Catalogue of Books Used in Home Libraries and Reading Clubs.

CARNEGIE LIBRARY OF PITTSBURGH. List of Good Stories to Tell to Children under Twelve Years of Age.

CHURCH. Odyssey for Boys and Girls. Macmillan.

COLUM. Adventures of Odysseus and The Tale of Troy. Macmillan.

COOKE. Nature Myths. Flanagan.

DASENT. Popular Tales from the Norse. Putnam.

EASTMAN. Index to Fairy Tales. Boston Book Co.

FARJEON. Martin Pippin in the Apple Orchard. Stokes.

FARMER. Boys' Book of Famous Rulers. Crowell.

FOA. Boy Life of Napoleon. Lothrop.

GASK. The Fairies and the Christmas Child. Crowell.

GRIMM. Fairy Tales. Tr. by Mrs. Lucas. Ill. by Arthur Rackham. Lippincott.

GRIMM. Household Stories. Tr. by Crane. Macmillan.

GUERBER. Story of the English. American Book Co.

HASSLER AND SCOTT. Graded List of Stories to Tell and Read Aloud. American Library Association, Chicago.

HATHAWAY. Napoleon the Little Corsican. Rand.

JACOBS. Celtic Fairy Tales. Putnam.

JACOBS. More Celtic Fairy Tales. Putnam.

JACOBS. English Fairy Tales. Putnam.

JACOBS. More English Fairy Tales. Putnam.

JACOBS. Indian Fairy Tales. Putnam.

JOHONNOT. Ten Great Events in History. American Book Co.

KIPLING. Jungle Books. 2 v. Century.

KROUT. Alice's Visit to the Hawaiian Islands. American Book Co.

LANG, ANDREW. Blue True Story Book. Longmans.

LANG, ANDREW. Crimson Fairy Book. Longmans.

LANG, ANDREW. True Story Book. Longmans.

LANG, JEANIE. Story of General Gordon. Dutton.

LANG, JEANIE. Story of Robert the Bruce. Dutton.
LANG, L. B. Red Book of Heroes. Longmans.
LANIER. *Ed.* Boy's King Arthur. Scribner.
LEAMY. Golden Spears. Fitzgerald.
LORD. The Touch of Nature. American Unitarian Association.
MACLEOD. Book of King Arthur and His Noble Knights. Stokes.
MACLEOD. Book of King Arthur, etc. Burt.
MARK TWAIN. Saint Joan of Arc. Harper.
McMURRY. Pioneers of the Mississippi Valley. Public School Publishing Co.
MARSHALL. Stories of Beowulf. Dutton.
MARSHALL. Stories of Roland. Dutton.
MARSHALL. Story of Napoleon. Dutton.
MARSHALL. Story of William Tell. Dutton.
MOORE. Roads to Childhood. Doran.
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY. Heroism: A Reading List.
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY. Patriotism: A Reading List.
OLCOTT. Good Stories for Great Holidays. Houghton.
OLCOTT. The Jolly Book. Houghton.
OLCOTT. Story-Telling Poems. Houghton.
OZAKI. Japanese Fairy Book. Dutton.
PALMER. *Tr.* Odyssey of Homer. Houghton.
PERRY AND BEEBE. Four American Pioneers. Werner.
POWER. Lists of Stories and Programs for Story-Hours. H. W. Wilson.
PYLE. Merry Adventures of Robin Hood. Scribner.
PYLE. Some Merry Adventures of Robin Hood. Scribner (Condensed).

Pyle. Story of King Arthur and his Knights. Scribner.
Pyle. Story of the Champions of the Round Table. Scribner.
Pyle. Story of Launcelot and his Companions. Scribner.
Radford. King Arthur and his Knights. Rand.
Ragozin. Frithj and Roland. Putnam.
Ragozin. Siegfried and Beowulf. Putnam.
Renninger. Story of Rustem. Scribner.
Richards. Five Minute Stories. Estes.
Roulet-Nixon. Japanese Folk Stories and Fairy Tales. American Book Co.
Scudder. Book of Legends. Houghton.
Scudder. Children's Book. Houghton.
Shedlock. Art of the Story-Teller. Appleton.
Stedman. In God's Garden. Jacobs.
Sterling. Story of Sir Galahad. Dutton.
Stockton. Fanciful Tales. Scribner.
Tappan. In the Days of Alfred the Great. Lee.
Tappan. In the Days of William the Conqueror. Lee.
Tappan. *Ed.* Children's Hour. 10 vols. Houghton.
Thorne-Thomsen. East o' the Sun and West of the Moon. Row, Peterson & Co.
Tyler. Twenty-four Unusual Stories for Boys and Girls. Harcourt.
Upton. *Ed.* William Tell. McClurg.
Warren. Stories from English History. Heath.
Wiggin and Smith. Tales of Laughter. Doubleday, Page.
Williston. Japanese Fairy Tales. Rand.
Wilmot-Buxton. Stories of Persian Heroes. Crowell.
Wilson. Story of the Cid for Young People. Lee.

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